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FRIENDSHIP AND FLATTERY.

When Friendship first came down to earth,
With heart of generous mold,
And soul of truth and heavenly worth,
'Twas in the age of gold.
She taught the love that came from God
For all humanity;
Sweet Pity in her footsteps trod,
With Faith and Charity.

But Flattery, as the world grew old,
Stole Friendship's honest face;
When Truth's stern accents grew less bold,
And Falsehood taught grimace.
Th' indignant martyr did not wreak
Her vengeance upon men,
Nor soar on radiant wing to seek
Her home in heaven again.

She left her rival to rule o'er
The sunny paths of life,
And loved the dark ones to explore,
With sad misfortune rife.
Both to their own their aid extend,
Each in her way a mother:
Success still finds the one a friend,
Adversity the other.

ON DANGEROUS GROUND:

—OR—

AGATHA'S FRIENDSHIP

A Romance of American Society.

BY MRS. BLOOMFIELD MOORE.

"It is from the great book of Nature, the same through a thousand editions, whether of black-letter or wire-wove and hot-pressed, that I have venturously essayed to read a chapter to the public."

PART II.

CHAPTER IX.—[CONTINUED.]

When evening came, there was a slight mist that threatened to turn into a drenching fog. This cooled the ardor of the ladies, and only two sallied out, the sisters Fortescue. Waiting until Mrs. Barber had disappeared, they proceeded, as they supposed, to follow her. In a short time they returned, reporting that their courage had given out when they came in sight of the two, whom they found sitting in 'the dark corner,' described by the French maid, Stephanie, for Mr. Shelby Smith's giant form had so loomed up through the fog that they had turned back, not being quite prepared to confront him, as they must have done had they continued.

"But we saw him making love to Mrs. Barber; didn't we, Jane?" said Miss Fortescue.

"Certainly we did, and we saw his lips touch her shoulders, or thought we did; didn't we, Anna?"

Miss Fortescue not quite prepared to endorse this statement, after a preparatory clearing of the throat, answered, "I wasn't quite sure that he kissed her, but Jane thought he did."

"Shameful! abominable! outrageous!" were some of the exclamations that escaped the listeners.

"You must not repeat this, for you will get me in an awful scrape if you do. I was told the other day that Mr. Smith said he would call 'the gossips' to account, if any of their stories reached his ears."

"Gossips! I like that. He called us gossips did he? Oh, the wicked wretch! It would take some one besides Shelby Smith to frighten me, if I am a gossip," said Miss Fortescue.

At this moment, Mrs. Barber entered and joined the group.

"It is so disagreeable on the piazza!" the fog is growing thicker and thicker," she said.

Miss Fortescue bridled, the word "gossips" still nettled her.

"Disagreeable on the piazza?" said she. "Why, when Jane and I saw you a few moments ago, we thought you seemed to be having a most agreeable time."

"And so I was, until this mist came up," answered Mrs. Barber innocently. "Look at my new grenadine; it is ruined."

Miss Jane Fortescue smiled grimly, and Miss Anna Fortescue said, "It does look very much tumbled," glancing around to see if the ladies appreciated her mild joke.

When Mrs. Barber and her draggled grenadine had disappeared—for, incensed by the looks and tones of the two spinsters, she left the room—then Jane Fortescue said, "How could you say what you did, Anna? I declare, I never will trust you again."

"Trust me? Well, that is comical. Why there is not a servant in the house who is not talking about them. When you place any trust in me, I am not the one to betray it, but——"

"I am only afraid that you will get us both into some trouble; for now, of course she will tell Shelby Smith that it was you and I who followed them over to the—— House."

"I never thought of that. They did see us evidently, for you know they moved their chairs as we approached, and I thought Mr. Smith was going to get up and come toward us."

The bulletin of news that grew out of the Misses Fortescues reconnoissance spread like wild fire. The next morning every one in the house was talking of the scandal. It could not be denied that the intimacy between Mrs. Barber and Shelby Smith had exceeded the bounds of propriety; for had not the Misses Fortescue found the wretched woman reclining in his arms, while he was showering kisses upon her? So do stories grow in a single night in the hot-house air of a watering place.

In vain some of the ladies, less given to gossip, asserted that Miss Fortescue had never been a friend of Mrs. Barber, whose superior attractions had inspired envy in her heart when they were both younger; and one, more charitable than wise, quoted Victor Hugo's words *'L'envie est une bonne etoffe pour faire un espion;'* but still the story grew, until at last a large majority of the ladies in the house turned a cold shoulder to Mrs. Barber. When she joined any circle it was the signal for the uprising and disappearance of several of the ladies. All this occurred before Mr. Campbell Clawson's departure for Europe early in August; and with his usual benevolence, always ready to be exerted in behalf of any distinguished member of polite society, he endeavored to turn the tide in her favor, by giving her the benefit of his acquaintance.

"Your character will suffer next," said Miss Fortescue. "I know I would not be seen with her after all that has occurred."

"If my character gave me as much anxiety as yours seems to give you, I would get rid of it as soon as possible," he answered. "Come, Miss Fortescue, remember that charity begins at home, and let him who is without sin cast the first stone."

Miss Fortescue, who had not reached her mature age (mature for one still in the matrimonial field) without having had some escapades, wondered whether any of them had reached Mr. Clawson's ears, a saffron flush suffusing her face, as one of them recurred to her which she felt sure he knew of.

There was little else talked of for a time other than this latest and spiciest bit of gossip yet set afloat by the two spinsters, notwithstanding Mr. Clawson made brave efforts to rake up long buried affairs in order to divert their minds from his *protegee*. It must be confessed that Mrs. Belcher was among those who were naughty enough to find satisfaction in Mrs. Barber's discomfiture. After the lapse of two or three weeks—the scouts that were sent out from time to time bringing back fresh fuel to fan the flames—she happened to mention the scandal to her friend, Mrs. Hill, one evening, while sitting with her in her parlor at the——House.

"Why she seems to be a rival of our gay widow here," said Mrs. Hill.

"Whom do you mean?" asked Mrs. Belcher.

"Mrs. Barlow. Is it possible that you have not heard how every one in the house is talking about her and Mr. Dexter?"

"Lucy Barlow! Mr. Dexter!" exclaimed Mrs. Belcher. "Why I can hardly believe it possible. This is the most gossiping place in the world. It was only this morning that Lucy Barlow and I had a long talk about Mrs. Barber's imprudences; and she said much that she would not have said if she had been guilty of any similar ones."

Mrs. Hill arose, saying, "Excuse me for one moment," as she entered her bedroom. Then, almost immediately returning, she said:

"If you will follow me into my children's room through mine, I will show you whether Mrs. Barlow is as discreet as you think; but be careful, do not speak or make any noise, for it would disturb them."

Mrs. Belcher followed Mrs. Hill, feeling confident that the latter had mistaken Mrs. Barber for Mrs. Barlow. They groped their way along the darkened room, and reached the window, the shutters of which were closed; a faint light visible through the partially closed slats.

"There!" whispered Mrs. Hill. "What do you say now?"

Mrs. Belcher peeped between the slats, long enough to feel convinced that, whoever they were, there was no excuse for the familiarities that she witnessed; but the shadows were so heavy, the corner so obscure, that she could not convince herself of the identity of the parties. Mr. Dexter and Shelby Smith were both large men, Mrs. Barlow and Mrs. Barber both rather short and well formed, and both dressed in black.

"It must be Mrs. Barber and Shelby Smith," she said, "and you have mistaken them for Lucy Barlow and Mr. Dexter. I feel so very mean to be watching any one."

"Ask your maid, who has seen them often on moonlight nights," said Mrs. Hill.

"I remember Alphonsine did say Mrs. Barlow was the woman, but she often gets names wrong, and I thought she meant Mrs. Barber. I reproved her, and told her not to come to me with any more gossip. I never allow my maids to repeat stories to me. Not for a moment did I dream that Lucy Barlow was such a woman! It is my punishment for having helped to circulate the scandal about Mrs. Barber, whom I detest."

The whispering, or other sounds, seemed to disturb the two, for they arose and walked away, arm-in-arm.

"I came here to see them," said Mrs. Belcher, "in order that I might convince you that you were doing my friend an injustice; or rather that I have found Mrs. Barber to be innocent; and still more vexed with myself that I am so unjust to her as not to be willing to have her vindicated."

"I do not think it is your duty to vindicate her at the expense of your friend," said Mrs. Hill. "She is just as bad I have no doubt."

"But it is my duty to vindicate her, without exposing my friend," answered Mrs. Belcher, "and that, I am compelled to do, for I first set the ball in motion by repeating what Alphonsine had told me. It is the first piece of gossip I have ever meddled with, and I have only myself to blame for the humiliation it has brought me."

So Belcher returned in a most crest-fallen condition. She found a circle of ladies bobbing their heads together, their tongues clattering, and their eyes beaming. Miss Fortescue was in their midst, narrating, not for the first time, how on her way back from one of the cottages, she had taken a roundabout way, accompanied by her nephew, and how they had turned the corner suddenly upon Mrs. Barber and Shelby Smith, and that she was almost lying in his arms with her head leaning on his shoulder, but that both sprang to their feet and walked away together, so expeditiously that they had actually arrived at the hotel before Miss Fortescue and her nephew; who found them sitting on the piazza, just as if nothing had happened, and behaving with the utmost propriety.

Mrs. Belcher listened to the close. Then she said:

"I am extremely sorry to spoil such a good story—more sorry than you can ever know. I have just returned from the—— House and I saw all that Miss Fortescue describes, but the persons were not Mrs. Barber nor Mr. Smith; and more than this, there has been a mistake from the first. Mrs. Barber is entirely innocent of giving any ground for this especial scandal."

"Who is the woman then?" asked one and another.

"That will never pass my lips," answered Mrs. Belcher.

For the next few days gossip was rife as to who the individuals could be; but as the corner was never again occupied, no farther discoveries were made in that direction.

Mrs. Dexter remained in happy ignorance of her husband's complicity; venturing the opinion that whoever they were they must belong to that fast set in New York, with which no people that are in the best society ever willingly allow themselves to be mixed up in any way.

Mr. Marston, who occasionally spent a Sunday at Narragansett, said to Mrs. Belcher after hearing of the *denouement* upon his next visit:

"You have let a fine opportunity slip for revenging yourself upon Mrs. Barber. Don't you remember that I told you all things come to those who know how to wait? Why did you spoil the fun by setting them straight?"

"Because I never could have had any respect for myself if I had not; and I value self-respect more than revenge. Then again, I really believe that to return good for evil is the best kind of revenge. I sometimes thought though, that it is just as wicked a satisfaction in the sight of God, when you do it for revenge, as the doing of an injury."

"I do not agree with you; but I have seen enough of the workings of Providence, and how good is brought out of evil, to feel more than willing to leave all my private grudges to be settled for me. 'The mills of the gods grind slowly, but they grind surely,' you know; all their wheels work together for good to those who love goodness, and they work woe to the wicked."

"La vengeance est boiteuse; elle vient a pas lents, mais elle vient," quoted Mrs. Belcher.

"Nothing truer; and you have seen that Miss Lee was not hurt by the slander. She carried the contradiction in her face. I think I never saw a purer face than hers. If I ever do marry, the woman of my choice will be just such a woman as she is."

"Ah, Mr. Marston, when you marry, you will surely marry a widow; for men always do just what they protest they will not; and I have heard you say that you never could love a woman who had ever even fancied herself in love before."

As if in confirmation of this prediction, Mr. Marston soon after became one of Mrs. Barlow's most devoted attendants; and before the season was over, conjectures were rife as to the probable result.

The news of Frank Mortimer's Marriage with the divorced wife of Carroll Tracey afforded a subject for farther comment, coupled with rumors that Paul Howard and Mrs. Matthews had carried a flirtation to such lengths at Nahant, that Mr. Matthews had forbidden his wife to hold any communication with him.

What with these topics, the various flirtations, the mystery of the affair at the—— House (the participants in which remained undiscovered), and the reported imprudences of many others, the summer ended in a jubilee of scandal and spicy tales, which so gladdened the hearts of the dowagers with gossiping propensities, that they were in the best possible humor with themselves, each other, and all the world.

CHAPTER X.

AGATHA'S PENANCE.

No purer love than hers was from first to last, ever took root in a woman's heart—no love that ever less sought its own reward—that was less mixed with earthly or selfish thoughts,—she almost loved him as some woman to whom he had been dear on earth might have loved him after death in Heaven—for in truth if not death, it was something as stern as death that stood between them, something that obliged hope to cease and silenced passion. —*Thorean.*

Agatha might well thank her Aunt Hester for having confided to her the romance of her life; for by it she came to look upon her own experience more leniently. The struggle that had so worn upon her, threatening to destroy her, sooner than to end by the subjugation of her affections, was at last happily over. Gradually her face recovered its roundness, and her step its light, elastic tread. Although her brown eyes still retained their dreamy languor, the troubled, perplexed, wearied look was gone.

Faithfully, once a month, Carroll Tracey continued to write; and Agatha answered all his letters; but they were not such answers as his heart craved. A sister might have written every line that was in them to a brother; and Carroll wished for no sisterly love from Agatha. At last, another spring came around, and the month approached in which Mr. Tracey had written that he intended to return. Agatha named the same month to cross with her father and aunt; and they made their preparations to sail in June, and to remain several years abroad. While Agatha's resolute determination to avoid meeting Carroll Tracey led her to take this course, she was not without hope that the steamers might pass each other on their respective ways. She felt that it would be something to her heart to have seen the ship that contained one who was so dear to her.

The last letter that she received from him before sailing, was dated at Bologna, and written in the month of May. He wrote, "Do you remember, in conversation with you, I once told you of a dream I had, which made such an impression on me that it frequently recurred to my thoughts?—almost constantly after I met you. You asked me to tell you the dream then, but I did not. I am going to tell it to you now. Some years ago, when I was in this quaint little city, I had had a fatiguing day of sight-seeing, exploring hurriedly every point of interest it was possible to crowd into one day; and on my return to the hotel, I remarked to a companion that I felt such unusual lassitude I feared that I had brought with me from Rome a touch of its pestilential fever. I could not eat, and I went to bed hoping that a good night's sleep would bring me around all right in the morning. Before I fell asleep, I was conscious that my waking thoughts were peculiarly confused. Strange fancies came to me and seemed half real. Long forgotten stanzas of poems flitted through my mind, always with some change in the words that rendered them absurd. An intense of loneliness and desolation came over me, and I longed with an unutterable longing for the cool touch of my mother's hands on my burning forehead. In this state of mind I fell asleep at last. In my dreams I was walking over bogs, now sinking up to my neck in them, and then extracted by terrible dragons, which flying over me, pulled me out by the hair of my head. Then I was pursued by demons, a precipice before me, over which I fell, bounding from rock to rock. But the most fearful vision was that, in which I imagined myself stretched upon the rack in the dungeons of Ratisbon. I even saw each implement of torture that was to be used in turn. The torches were already lighted that were to be held under my arms; when slowly floating down towards me, I saw a lovely form in soft draperies of grey—the same pictured Madonna, whose face had arrested me before it, in entranced admiration, that very day in the old palace of Zambecari. She unloosened the cords, she took my hand and led me up through dark vaulted passages, out into the fresh and balmy air; nor did she leave me then. She guided my footsteps whither she would; and I seemed to move beside her as if I had wings, through green dales sparkling with rivulets, lush with exuberant foliage, and over breezy uplands, until we at last we reached the loveliest spot that ever an artist painted or a poet portrayed. It might have been fairy land, so enchantingly beautiful was the swelling ground which, wherever the eye looked, seemed so much more lovely than earth's fairest domains, that nothing out of Paradise I am sure could compare with it. Upon a bed of roses, spread for me underneath the thick boughs of glossy flex trees, and bordered with acanthus plants, I stretched myself for the repose I needed, listening to the gurgle and plash of fountains, and the sweet strains of melody that seemed to float down from the clouds above me where I saw cherubs and seraphs looking out upon me. My Madonna laid her bambino on the roseate couch beside me, and with her own hands gathered flowers—far more beautiful than I had ever before seen—and brought them to me. Their fragrance seemed to intoxicate me, and I dared to seize and press passionately to my lips the hand that had ministered to me. Her sad eyes were filled with reproaches that found no other utterance, as she slowly arose in the air and floated away from me, farther and farther, until she disappeared beyond the soft, fleecy clouds from which angels had looked down upon us. But still the seraphic music filled the air, and still the little bambino frolicked among the flowers. Then I awoke, and found myself in the odd little chamber of the inn at Bologna, and a street organ playing beneath my window. When I first saw you, Agatha, I wondered whether it was a mere fancy, or whether you really resembled the Madonna of my dream. To day I have again seen the picture, and it was almost like looking at your very self. Your eyes seem to look out from the canvas at me, as did those of the vision when it spoke the words which I have not yet repeated to you; for when the little one was left beside me, its mother said, "I have brought you my child to console you for all you have suffered." Agatha, you are my Madonna, and no Madonna ever possessed more entirely the heart of her worshipper than you possess mine. All things in life, that are not in some way blended or associated with you have lost all interest for me. I count the days, the very hours even, that must pass before we can meet; and then, there is no power upon earth that can prevent me from using that influence over you, which I still feel confident I possess, to persuade you to be wholly mine."

This was a portion of the last letter that Agatha received before they sailed. Hitherto, she had carefully abstained from making any allusions to their anticipated tour; but now she wrote in reply:

"We shall be upon the ocean at the same time, and I do not wish to hide from you the pleasure I feel in the thought that perhaps I may see the 'Scotia,' in which you write you are to sail; as we pass each other, to stretch out my hand towards you, to send you in thought the kisses that my lips must never give. I have never admitted before that I love you, but I owe you this much, and no more. I do love you, Carroll. I loved you before I knew it—when that acknowledgement would have been guilt; and the agony, the torture that it was to me to make this discovery, was only appeased, when I learned to look upon the feeling, that sprung up unbidden in my heart for you, as not sinful in itself—only in the improper indulgence of it. Let me be perfectly frank with you, keeping nothing back; and then you will be better able to understand the resolution I have taken. In those days when my soul was being absorbed by yours, and I knew it not, my life became a dream of intense joy. The days passed on golden wings. The earth, the sky, the sea, all seemed as if a new world had disclosed itself to me. The windows of heaven, in short, were opened for me, and I knew the bliss that angels know; for is not love their highest bliss? I walked as one who had wings, and knew not the secret of the ineffable joy, the indefinable power that had come to me, awakening in me emotions which, until then, had lain dormant in my tardily developed nature. I asked for nothing more on earth, or in heaven. And yet, it never once entered my mind that this was love. Not until the hour in which we parted, did this revelation come to me; and with it came such mental agony, as, were such things possible, would have turned the tears I wept to blood. On my knees I had often thanked God for sending me this holy consecrated friendship, to fill my heart as it has never before been filled. Now upon my knees, I begged him to take me out of life and out of all remembrance of the unhallowed love that had debased me in my own sight. Oh, how I longed in those days for annihilation! Day after day, I felt my strength growing less, and I rejoiced that it was so. I knew that, struggle as I might, I never could conquer the idolatrous love you had awakened. I did not attempt to conceal from myself the knowledge that your love is more precious to me than all else in life, but with this knowledge came such remorseful self-reproach, in that I felt this love for one who was the husband of another, as to threaten exhaustion of my vital forces, and the crushing out of my life all that made life desirable. At last, through the experience of a friend, I was brought to look upon my own experience in a healthier light, to realise that there is no sin in loving only when it is indulged, to the encroaching upon the claims of others; in short, that by it and through it we may reach such heights of moral grandeur, as only those attained who have overcome the world, the flesh and the evil one'—that Trinity which seems to take a firmer hold upon morals than the Holy Trinity of our creed. And now I come to the result of all this turmoil of emotion, which so racked and tore my double nature that it came near sundering them, and setting free the higher. I have always had in my composition a spice of the Roman Catholic devotee—shown in my belief of purgatory, and my desire to do penance for my sins. It is the penance which I have prescribed for myself to undergo that now remains to be told. For that brief delirium of joy in which I indulged, before I saw the precipice toward which my footsteps were tending, I must for ever debar myself of the higher joy of being your wife. It does not seem to have occurred to you that I have looked upon you as free to love and to marry again since Mildred's marriage; but when you recall the only reason I had for not, considering you divorced, you will also know why, and how it is, that by her marriage she has rendered you free to marry. But my resolution is fixed and unalterable, and although I know you to be free, Carroll, I still say, I can never be your wife. This is the penance that I have decreed to myself, to atone for the humiliation, which in loving you I have undergone—it is the sacrifice which I make to appease my bruised and wounded self-respect. So only can I look into the eyes of others with the calm assurance of innocence."

This was the substance of Agatha's letter. When she had finished, and despatched it to Carroll Tracey's New York address, there to await his return, she felt the heroism that inspires saints and martyrs to their deeds of sacrifice. But in the days that followed, this fervor almost died out; and dejected beyond degree with the depression that always follows exaltation, she sat on the deck of the ocean steamer as it left the harbor of New York, looking wistfully back to the shore where, in a few days, Carroll Tracey was to land.

PART III

CHAPTER I.

AMERICAN SOCIETY IN FLORENCE.

Slander meets no regard from noble minds;
Only the base believe, what the base only
utter. —*Beller.*

"*Du Reste*—I don't think there is much to tell. There's been plenty of news of course, but nowadays, when nobody ever takes up a paper without seeing some friend or another divorced, bankrupt, or breaking a bank, or writing a novel, no news seems to have much taste in it—your *bombe* is all water-ice."—*Ouida*

The travelers landed at Queenstown, and after visiting several points of interest, the lovely Lake of Killarney, the Giant's Causeway, and the wonderfully beautiful scenery in its vicinity, they crossed to Scotland; lingering long about its weird lakes, its breezy downs and heathery slopes; then, after thoroughly enjoying England,—where picturesque scenery is combined with associations eminently interesting, from historical events, or from memories of departed authors and statesmen,—they found the autumn drawing so near its close that they were compelled to make haste to reach Italy before winter set in.

"When once we are on the other side of the Alps," said Mr. Lee, briskly rubbing his hands in front of a blazing fire in their parlor at the "Hotel des Quatres Saisons," in Munich, "when once we are on the other side of the Alps, we shall find a more salubrious climate. We will not need fires in sunny Italy."

In Aunt Hester's and Agatha's minds, arose visions of orange groves, flowers blooming in mid-winter in the open air, trees never leafless; and over all, a sky of enamel, softly, yet intensely blue, white fleecy clouds, zephyrs laden with the perfumes of odorous blossoms, and vocal with the songs of birds.

It was in the first days of December that they reached "la bella Firenze," rightly named for its exquisite beauty of situation; but what a disappointment for Agatha and her aunt, and to Mr. Lee even, who had never before been in Italy during the winter months, to find the trees already shorn of their verdure, traces of snow on the Apennines, and the piercing Tramontana sweeping down from them with its sharp icy breath! The Arno, with which Agatha had most poetical associations, conjuring it up in fancy as a tranquil, limpid stream, flowing in stately beauty to the sea, its green banks glistening with marble villas and crowned with grey mediæval castles, she found instead, rushing headlong through the heart of the city, washing the foundations of block after block of structures, time-stained, and dingy as its own turbid waters.

Not until they had taken their first drive on the Cascine and to some neighboring villas, back on the wooded heights, did they begin to believe how much of beauty Florence possesses—beauty, which even in mid-winter attracts strangers from all parts of the globe to make it their homes; and not until after the galleries of the Academy, the Uffizzi, and the Pitti, had beguiled away morning after morning of their stay, did they comprehend why it is that the "forestieri," once settled there, are so loth to leave.

Society too enforced its claims upon them. Mr. Lee, upon his arrival, met an old college friend, who had for years been settled in Florence as a permanent resident. In the diplomatic corps, also, the minister of foreign affairs was one who had been for many years ambassador to the United States, and, who, while there, had been intimately acquainted with Mr. Lee. So the wide gates of American society flew open to receive them; and the narrower door of foreign society as readily admitted them, endorsed as they were by one of their own number. And, all three speaking French fluently, they saw life in what was then the capital of Italy under the most favorable circumstances.

Agatha welcomed the whirl that took her out of herself. Not a line had she received from Carroll Tracey since he had landed in America; and not until his letters had ceased, did she know how far they had contributed towards making their separation endurable to her. She read of his arrival home in a New York journal, and that was all.

It was at a ball, given in the lavishly adorned apartment of an American millionnaire, that Agatha one evening came suddenly upon Mildred and Frank Mortimer, of whose arrival in Florence she had not even heard. The surprise was mutual, but as Agatha looked into the changed face of her friend, she wondered what new sorrow was leaving its impress there. Her cousin too, Agatha found greatly changed. Not that his face bore the worn, weary look, that characterised Mildred's; but there were restless glances from his eyes, and a scornful curl of his well-shaped lips that Agatha had never seen before. It was as if he looked out on the world defiantly as one who knows not at what moment he may be compelled to resent some rudeness. Mr Lee, his sister, and Count Ripioff, were standing near; and conversation had turned upon Madame Garazzi, a well-known Italian beauty, who was seated within sight, wearing the coronet that by birth she had a right to wear; although by her marriage not acquiring any. Her husband, if not belonging to a noble family, was one of those who possess the nobility which is of far more value, namely, of soul and culture. Madame Garazzi was as usual surrounded by gentlemen; but one could

not help remarking that no lady ever joined her?

"Is it true," asked Aunt Hester, "that she has no friends among the Italian ladies?—that they do not hold any intercourse with her?—that one and all have waged war with her?"

"One would be scarcely justified in saying that replied Lord Ripfoff. "In society people seldom quarrel openly; but the women can never forgive Madame Garuzzi for the book she wrote, full of local allusions that cut right and left."

"Ah, was it a book?" inquired Mr. Lee. "I gave them a credit for turning a cold shoulder for better reasons. I thought her intimacy with the King was the cause."

Count Ripfoff gave a very slight but expressive shrug as he answered, "Then Florence would not be the paradise that it is for women whose lives have not been blameless. Is it possible that you are ignorant of the fact that every woman with a blighted name takes refuge here, and finds as much protection as did the culprits of old when they seized hold of the horns of the altar?"

Mildred heard every word, and Agatha saw her press one hand tightly over her heart, as with a flushed face, she cast a nervous glance at her husband. He, however, was engrossed by a Miss Watkins, a pretty American, who, besides her charming face and figure and well-bred air, was said to have several hundred-thousand attractions; or would, in time, inherit them. Near by, in a corner, were three or four dowagers, who, assisted by Mr. Clawson, were canvassing the rumors connected with Mildred's divorce; for Mr. Clawson, with the Athertons and Mr. Jenkins, made a part of the American colony at Florence.

"They say in New York that man who sings so well, who was always with her, was the cause of the divorce," said one of the ladies. "You know the one whom I mean; he is notorious for talking about his affairs. Mrs. Tracey sings too—Mrs. Mortimer, I should say. One can't be expected to remember names when people are divorced one month, and married the next."

"I daresay you mean Paul Howard," answered Mr. Clawson.

"The very one. They say he had followed her to Europe too."

"Which is not very probable, as he and Mr. Mortimer are lawyers, associated together, and could not leave at the same time. But you are quite sure, Mrs. Dedham, that he was the cause of the divorce?"

"Oh yes. I am certain of that, I heard all the particulars."

"I am glad I was able to recall the name to your memory. I wanted to fix upon the man, because, happening to know the true story, I wished to learn how far people could go astray. In this instance, rumore is nearer right than usual."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BRIC-A-BRAC.

AGGRAVATED MISFORTUNES.—In the estimation of many people a man may as well be wicked as unfortunate. Whenever a misfortune or accident of any kind happens to a Maori, a native of New Zealand, his relatives, neighbors, friends, and remote acquaintances assemble and punish him, as if the ill-luck was caused by his own imprudence. They pillage his house, devour his stores of food, and beat him almost into insensibility. If a man's wife runs away from him, if his child falls into the fire and gets burnt, if his boat capsizes and those in it are drowned, these and similar events are the proper occasion of applying the custom of the *muru*.

OLIVE OIL.—Olive oil is the produce of the fruit of the olive, which is crushed when fully ripe and the oil pressed out. Thus obtained, it is a pale yellow liquid, with a bland oily taste, and destitute of smell. In the warm countries of the south of Europe and Syria, of which the olive is a native, the oil has been in use from the earliest periods of which we have any record, both for burning in lamps and for food. For these purposes it is well adapted; it is readily inflammable and burns with a clear flame and without smoke; and from its being without any unpleasant odor, and not liable to turn rancid, it is much used for food.

HOW WHISKEY PAYS.—Some years ago, says a prominent Western paper, we had in our employ a man who several times in the day ran out of the office to buy a drink of whiskey. Every time he went out the cashier was instructed to drop ten cents into a drawer to our credit. At the end of seventeen months, the man who had gone out so often had drank himself out of a good situation; and the drawer, when opened, was found to contain four hundred and nine dollars, which we loaned to a young mechanic at seven per cent. interest. He used it to purchase a set of tinner's tools. On the 15th of February, 1878, he returned it to us with interest, saying in his letter that he has now a wife, two children, and property worth five thousand dollars. The other fellow is a bummer, hunting for food.

FALSE HAIR.—Two of the Fathers of the Church appear to have had very decided objections to false hair. Tertullian says: "If you will not fling away your false hair, as hateful to heaven, cannot I make it hateful to you by reminding you that the false hair you wear may have come not only from the head of a criminal but from a very dirty head, perhaps from the head of one already damned?" This was a very severe rebuke, but it was not nearly so clever a stroke at wigs as that given by Clemens of Alexandria, who informed the wig-wearers, when they knelt at church to receive the blessing, that they must be good enough to remember that the benediction remained on the wig, and did not pass through to the wearer. This was a severe blow to wearers of false hair, but many still retained their wigs.

RELICS OF SUPERSTITION.—Few parents, when they suspend coral toys around the necks of their children, are aware of the superstitious belief which first gave rise to the custom. The soothsayers of old attributed many mystic virtues to this mineral; it was believed to give protection against "evil eyes;" it was supposed to drive away devils and evil spirits. Hence arose the custom of wearing coral amulets; even the bell attached to the ornament worn by children was intended to frighten away mischievous sprites, not to amuse the child. It is not unusual, even at the present day, to find persons wearing coral and amber necklaces to protect them from sore throats and swelling of the glands of the neck; and a common notion prevails among ignorant people, and among negroes, that the coral around the neck, which retains its full brilliancy while the wearer is in health, always becomes paler on the approach of disease.

A CHAPTER ON CONSTANCY.

"Why, Will, you dear old fellow,
Where have you been these years?
In Egypt, India, Khiva,
With the Khan's own volunteers?
Have you scaled the Alps or Andes,
Sailed to isles of Amazons?
What climate, Will, has changed your face
From brown to perfect bronze?"

She put her dimpled hand in mine,
In the same frank, friendly way;
We stood again on the dear old beach,
And it seemed but yesterday—
It seemed but the lapse of a single night
Since she said to me on that shore,
"Good-bye? You may not remember, Will,
But I shall, forevermore."

I said her hand while I whispered low,
"And you, dear—what of the years
Since we said good-bye on this same white beach,
And I kissed away your tears?
You, Mary, were then just twenty,
And I was twenty-three,
When we stood together on the dear old beach
Here by the murm'ring sea."

A beautiful blush came to her cheek.
"Hush, Will!" she quickly said.
"Let's look at the bathers in the surf.
There's Nelly and cousin Ned."
"And who's that portly gentleman
On the shady side of life?"
"Oh! He belongs to our party, too—
To fact, Will, I am his wife.

"And I tell you it is an awful thing
The way he can behave;
He flirts with that girl in steel gray silk—
Will, why do you look so grave?"
"The fact is, Mary, I—well—ahem—
Oh, nothing at all, my dear,
Except that she of the steel-gray silk
Is the one I married last year!"

On Helvellyn.

"A letter from Gerald, mamma, with 'Immediate' on the envelope. What can be the matter?"

The speaker was a tall graceful girl, with a face that was charming alike both in feature and expression. She was leaning over the shoulder of her mother, a stout matronly lady, who was presiding at a well-furnished breakfast-table. Opposite sat this lady's husband, a tall, gray-headed, aristocratic-looking old gentleman. Between them was a dark-haired little maiden, with a rich olive complexion, a pair of witching black eyes, and a half-roguish look lurking at the corners of her mouth.

The house to which I first introduce my readers is Raven Castle, on Lake Windermere, the seat of John Vernon, Esq., and one of the most delightful residences in all the country round.

Mrs. Vernon perused her son's letter, then read it aloud. It was dated London, and ran thus:

DEAR MOTHER—Harry Standish is at last able to take a few days' holiday, and is coming down with me to-morrow to pay his long promised visit to Raven Castle. We shall arrive by the afternoon train, and come up the lake by the steamer. You can send James across with the boat as usual to pick us up at the pier.—your affectionate son,

GERALD VERNON.

"What a boy he is!" she cried, when she had finished, "to give me only this short notice. He could not know that Miss Lewis was already staying with us."

"O dear," cried the little lady at the table, "I'm afraid I shall be sadly in the way."

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Vernon, looking over his spectacles; "the young men, I'm sure, will be only too delighted."

Dora Vernon had betrayed symptoms of blushing during the reading of the letter, and the quick eye of her young friend had soon detected her.

"By-the-by, this Mr. Standish, is he not the young man whom Gerald introduced us to in London?" asked Mr. Vernon of his wife.

"The same. He is so gentlemanly and nice.—I am sure you will like him, Miss Lewis."

At this stage Dora left the table, and strolled through the open window into the garden. Her friend soon joined her there.

"Oh, you wicked little thing!" she cried seizing Dora round the waist, "I verily believe you are in love with this Mr. Standish—or whatever his name is—and have never told me a word about it. But I've found you out at last. When did it happen? How old is he? Is he good-looking? Come, tell me everything directly, I insist on knowing."

"Fanny, how can you be so absurd! I have only seen 'this Mr. Standish,' as you call him, two or three times in my life."

"And what did he talk about those two or three times?"

"I'm sure I really can't remember. Ordinary topics, I suppose."

"Nothing else?"

"Nothing else."

"Well, puss, isn't it jolly of your brother bringing him down just now, while I'm here? Won't we have some fun!"

"Fanny, I'm quite shocked at you."

"And I at you, for blushing so at breakfast. But never mind; we shall see—what we shall see."

Here Miss Lewis's bantering was put an end to by Mr. Vernon appearing on the scene and asking the young ladies to accompany him for a constitutional.

Punctual to time that afternoon, the two travelers were landed at the little jetty attached to the grounds of Raven Castle. They were both tall, strongly built young men. Gerald Vernon was fair, like his sister; Henry Standish, darker and—though both were good-looking—more finely featured than his friend. They were warmly welcomed by both host and hostess. Fanny Lewis, who had been a school-fellow of Dora's, was a stranger to both; but the glad welcome of the latter, and the tender glances from the soft blue eyes, proved to Henry Standish that he at all events had not been forgotten.

"Well, Dora," said her brother that evening, when they were all sitting talking in the drawing room, "have you made out any programme for our week's amusement?"

"O yes," she answered. "To-morrow we spend on the lake; Thursday we ascend Helvellyn."

"Helvellyn!" cried all the others in a breath.

"How delightful!" sighed Fanny.

"Capital!—the best thing we could do," said Gerald, "if the weather continues favorable, which I think it will."

The day following was spent as suggested, rowing about the lake and picnicking on one of the little islands.

And then came Thursday, bright and cloudless, and giving every prospect of a fine and charming day. The four young people were driven over in Mr. Vernon's wagonette to the mount, and soon laughing and talking, slipping and stumbling, they were half-way up the frowning mass, and a map-like view of lakes and valleys, hills and brawling streams, was beginning to unfold itself at their feet. At length a point was reached where a faint sheep-track suddenly left the path-way they were pursuing, and wound up the mountain in a contrary direction.

"Now!" cried Dora, stopping; "which road shall we take? Gerald and I explored this track years ago, and found it an agreeable change from the regular path, though rather longer."

"Suppose," suggested Harry, "that we divide into two parties, and meet on the summit?"

This was agreed to, and they then separated, and soon each couple—Dora and Harry, and Gerald and Fanny—was hidden from view.

Of the whole four perhaps Mr. Standish was the most pleased at this arrangement; for truth to say, he was enamored of the fair-haired damsel by his side, and this was the first opportunity he had since his arrival of being left with her alone. A short year before, when the Vernons were staying in London, Gerald—who was then reading for the Bar—had introduced him into the little circle; and each time that he had visited them, he had become more and more filled with admiration of Dora. He knew that it was wrong and foolish in him—a comparatively poor man, with his own way to make in the world—to fall in love with a rich man's daughter; but he could not resist the fascination.

And Dora—what had been her feelings all this time? Ah! had she not betrayed them all too plainly that happy morning two days before, when she had first heard that he was coming?

They continued their rugged journey up the bleak mountain side, Dora leading the way, and Harry stopping every now and then to secure some rare little fern that lay concealed in the crevices of the rock, or to glance below on the glorious prospect that now lay stretched beneath them.

The young man had all through their walk been striving manfully to keep himself from making the long unspoken avowal of his love; but now that they were alone—here in the cool shade, with such a panorama before them and the knowledge of their utter seclusion from the outer world—he could no longer remain silent; and he spoke as only lovers can speak; the language of the heart.

She trembled violently, and her eyes moistened at the avowal.

"O Dora!" he cried passionately, "those tears give me new hope—new life. You do not scorn me then for my presumption—you do not cast me from you! Tell me, dear one, tell me—can it be possible that you love me?"

She did not speak, she did not utter a word, but allowed herself to be drawn by his strong manly arm in a fond lingering embrace—listening to the loving words that fell from his lips—with looks that told him all he wished to know.

How long they remained upon that little terrace can never be told; but Harry Standish at last looked at his watch with a cry of amazement.

"Why," he cried, "Gerald and Miss Lewis will think us lost! They must have reached the summit long before this; and we have evidently come considerably out of our way. Had we not better ascend at once?"

"O yes," said Dora. "It will indeed take us all our time to reach them, and then be back at the inn before dusk. Let us go at once."

They made ready for an immediate scramble up the steep hill-side; but before going, Harry eyed a small plant growing at the edge of the path, and was on his knees in a moment, busily uprooting it.

"The *Cerastium Alpinum!*" he cried delightfully, "and the first I have seen."

"Yes," Dora answered; "it grows, I believe, only on Helvellyn. But do be careful; you are dreadfully near the precipice. Do not lean over; you will—— Ah!"

With a wild cry she rushed forward. Her companion, too eager to secure the plant, had overbalanced himself, and with a cry of terror, had fallen down the abyss. Dora stood on the brink, gazing downwards, her eyes dilated with horror, unable to move, to speak, to help!

But his fall was suddenly checked by the shelving rock, covered with moss, which alone broke the precipitous descent; and Dora saw him lying there, with his arm twisted beneath his back, and a wound on the forehead, caused by a sharp-pointed piece of rock he had struck against as he fell. She called out to him in her agony and grief, but there was no response. What could she do to save him? She knew that if left alone there for long without help, he must perish; and rushing frantically from one end of the little terrace to the other, she strove vainly for a means of reaching him. Her nerves were strung, however, to the highest pitch. She seemed possessed of a strength she had never felt before. She would reach and save him, or die herself in the attempt! With her Alpine-stock for a support, she half-scrambled down the rocks, some little distance from where her lover had fallen, and where the descent was not quite so precipitous; tearing her dress and bruising her face and limbs, but with the strength, energy, and courage that her desperation had endowed her with, she reached the mossy bank in safety, and rushed panting to the wounded man. Tearing her kerchief into stripes she quickly stopped the flow of blood, but could do no more.

Is she had had but a little brandy, or even a draught of cold water to wet those poor parched lips with, and to bring him back to consciousness; but she had nothing, nothing! Suddenly a thought seemed to strike her, and bending quickly over her lover's outstretched body, she gently loosened his coat and felt in his breast-pocket. A memorandum book, and—— what was this her fingers seized so eagerly, while a cry of joy burst from her lips? It was a small flask fashioned so as to fit comfortably in the pocket without fear of breakage. Unscrewing the lid, she tested the contents. It was full of brandy; and hastily emptying some into the cup that was attached, she held it to his lips, and poured the reviving fluid down his dry parched throat. Long and patiently did she await the result.

At last he moved slightly, while a faint moan escaped his lips; then opening his eyes, he looked steadfastly up at Dora's pale wan face.

"Where am I?—what is the matter?" at length he moaned feebly, looking wildly round.

With a great sigh of relief and thankfulness, Dora tenderly held him to her breast, and told him all.

The sun was already sinking over the western hills, and the strange silence all around oppressed, but did not frighten her. She had nerved herself to endure the worst that might befall her, and was prepared for anything—even death itself. Through the tedious hours of the night she kept her sacred vigil, until at length morning dawned upon the great world below, and the sun rose magnificently over the mountains. Dora was on the alert. She knew that her father and brother would not leave a stone unturned to discover what had befallen them, and she felt sure that they would first thoroughly explore the path they had taken the day before. She resolved, therefore, to be constantly on the watch, for she could see easily, from the edge of the bank, any one who happened to be crossing the terrace above. Harry was fully conscious, but weak and stiff. Assistance however was happily at hand, and voices could be distinctly heard, proceeding from overhead; and suddenly figures were descried moving on towards the edge of the precipice. Yes!—Dora could now distinguish them. Gerald, her father, and some men carrying tools and ropes.

"Gerald!—father!—help! We are here!" she cried with all her strength, dreading lest they should neither see nor hear her.

"Mr. Standish is here, dreadfully hurt. He cannot move."

Adjuring her to take courage, they immediately proceeded to devise plans for relief. A rude car was fashioned by the men out of some boards, and let down the side of the rocks by means of ropes.

Dora did not need to be instructed what she had to do; but with the bravery and strength that had sustained her throughout the whole of that dreadful ordeal, assisted Harry on to the rude craft—where he could lie at length—and bound him safely to it with pieces of strong cord that were thrown down to her.

Up, up it went. How anxiously she watched the ascent. It was lowered again, empty. She gave a sight of relief; and hastily binding herself to the car was soon hoisted into mid-air, and a loud and prolonged shout of joy burst from every lip as she safely reached the top of the precipice.

"Saved—saved!"—she cried, rushing into her father's outstretched arms, weeping glad tears of joy and thankfulness upon his breast.

She then told him quickly all that had occured, for it was necessary that the wounded man should be got away as soon as possible. Indeed, this was a difficult task, for he was too weak to walk; but the rescuers were brave and resolute, and converting the car into a species of stretcher, they carried him as carefully as possible down the steep and rugged descent.

Weeks afterwards, a young man, with his arm in a sling, was lying on a sofa that had been brought out for him into a warm sunlit garden, filled with the perfume of sweet-smelling flowers and the gentle air that came up from the lake below. A fair-haired girl was seated near him, holding in hers his outstretched hand.

"Dora," he was saying tenderly, as he looked up into her fair young face; "I often think that, were it not for the pain and misery you had then to suffer, I ought to look back upon my accident as the brightest event of my existence. For did you not save my life, darling, at the fearful peril of your own; did you not seal our betrothal with a noble sacrifice; did you not prove—more than aught else could have done—that your love, like mine, was dearer than life itself?"

Don Rafael.

A Traveler's Story.

BY C. R.

I had been traveling for several months, through Spain, visiting various places of note, and at length found myself at Almaden, on my way to the grottoes of the Sierra Morena.

At this place I fell in with a gay, dashing cavalier, who represented himself as a young nobleman of fortune in pursuit of pleasure. We first met at the principal hotel in the village; and, as often happens with strangers, there was, or seemed to be, a mutual fascination.

Don Rafael de la Grillera, as my new acquaintance styled himself, was a very handsome man, with black eyes and hair, a highly intelligent face, and winning manners.

He was my senior by five years, being about eight-and-twenty; and as I fancied his appearance, and he made the first advances, we were soon on the best of terms.

"I scarcely need to ask if you are a gentleman of fortune," he remarked, in the course of conversation; "for I see you here, like myself, traveling for pleasure, and your whole manner denotes that you were bred in the best society."

"I do not wish to boast," I replied, feeling highly flattered by such intuitive appreciation; "but as I trust, with you, we may now become, and always remain, the best of friends, perhaps I shall be justified in saying that I am the third son of Lord Reesdale, a nobleman of considerable political influence; and though I may never succeed to the title of my father, I have a settled annuity, which leaves me free and independent."

"I knew it!" he rejoined, with considerable fervor; "I knew it, senior! there is no mistaking blood! My father is also a nobleman, who has no little influence at Court. I expect to succeed to his title, sooner or later; and then I intend to get married and settle down to a steady life; but, in the meantime, I am for whatever pleasure I can find."

From this beginning we became more than intimate, and in the course of a week we had both purchased horses for ourselves and servants, and with a guide to show the way, were off for the mountains. We were all, even to the guide, well armed with pistols and knives, for we had heard much of the brigands of this region, and we had all vowed, if assailed, to give them a warm reception."

On the third day, a little past noon, as we were slowly making our way through a long, gloomy defile of the mountains, a clear, strong voice rung out loudly above us:

"Thrown down your arms and surrender, or you are dead men!"

I looked up, and upon a ledge of rocks, nearly over my head, beheld a gaily and fancifully dressed man, decorated with streaming ribbons of different colors, with a drooping feather in his high, conical hat, leaning gracefully against the trunk of a tree, with one hand resting on his carbine, and surveying us with an easy assurance that certainly bespoke nothing of doubt and fear.

"To whom shall we surrender, most mighty one?" said Don Rafael, with mock politeness.

"To the lord of these mountains—Senor Carrasco!" was the answer, proudly spoken.

"Holy saints!" exclaimed my companion, with a start, while our guide and servants trembled with fear at the mention of that name.

"What is the matter?" I quickly demanded.

"Ave!" ejaculated Don Rafael; "we are caught! Carrasco is the most noted bandit in Spain! I fear resistance will be useless against him. What is to be done, Don Carlos?"

"We agreed to fight if attacked," said I, not particularly relishing the idea of tamely yielding myself a prisoner to a band of outlaws.

"Look at these wretches!" said Don Rafael, pointing to our servants and guide, who were already in the act of dismounting; "the name of Carrasco terrifies them; they will make no resistance; and what are you and I against fifty or one hundred men?"

"Is the band so formidable?" I inquired, with some trepidation; "I see only one man."

As if in answer to my question, the fellow on the ledge now sounded a sharp, shrill whistle; and ere its echoes died away, some twenty or thirty fierce-looking fellows sprang into view before and behind us.

"You see see," said Don Rafael, gloomily, "there is no hope."

"Will the murder us?" I asked, with a shudder.

"No; I do not fear anything quite so bad as that; but we shall be held prisoners till we pay our ransom."

"I hope they will not make mine very heavy, then, or I shall not be able to pay it."

"It will not rest with you."

"How so?"

"They will rob you of what you have, and you will have to look to your friends for ransom money."

"But I have not a friend in Spain except yourself."

"You have in England."

"And shall I be compelled to remain a captive to such a vile band of thieves and cut-throats till I send there for aid and get a return?" cried I, horrified at the thought.

"I do not know, Don Carlos," sighed my friend; "I merely throw out the hint, for such things have been done with foreigners before now."

"But they will not know that I am the son of a nobleman."

"Perhaps not; but be not too sure of it, for the cunning rogues have their spies out everywhere. Even our guide and servants may be in league with them, for aught we know."

"If I knew that, I would at least blow out their brains, and put an end to their treachery!" said I.

"Better take things calmly, Don Carlos; if my ransom is not set too high, I may be able to assist you."

"Oh, thanks, my best and kindest of friends!" cried I, grasping his hand, with tearful eyes.

The robbers, who had sprung into the defile before and behind us, thus completely cutting off all chance of escape, now began to close in on us, with carbines levelled, ready to shoot us down should we attempt resistance.

"Surrender!" cried the voice of the chief, who still remained on the ledge above us.

Our weapons having been collected by the freebooters, they took possession of our horses, and marched us up the defile about two hundred yards, and then turned up a steep acclivity to the left. We ascended a rough, dangerous mountain path for some two miles, and then came to an immense cavern, where the whole party seemed to reside, the interior having the appearance of a regular camp.

After we had been robbed of everything but our clothes, our guide and servants were set at liberty, under a solemn oath never to reveal aught that they had seen, under pain of death, and we were told that we should be held at ransom in the sum of ten thousand dollars each.

"Alas, my friend!" said Don Rafael, "I cannot assist you; it will take all my ready means to save myself."

"And how am I to send to England and get such a sum?" I asked, in a gloomy way.

"If I can get parole, I will take charge of your business for you, my friend. If writing home will answer your purpose, you can have the amount consigned to me at Cadiz, and I will see that it is duly paid over, and you released."

I was grateful for even this service; and as the order came the next day to parole my friend, I wrote a letter to my father, stating I was held a prisoner among the mountains (my captors would not permit any particulars whatever), and that unless ten thousand dollars were immediately sent to my friend, Don Rafael de la Grillera, at Cadiz, I should have to suffer death.

My friend took an affectionate leave of me. It was two months before I saw him again; and then he came to say that the money had been procured, and I was free. I threw my arms around his neck and wept for joy.

He said, after getting his own release, he had hastened my affairs as much as possible, and was now happy in presenting me a pass that would ever protect me against any further interruption or extortion from any of Carrasco's powerful band. Also, he was empowered to give me money enough to defray my expenses back to my native land.

The next day, accompanied by a small guard, I bade adieu to my robber home, and was escorted down the road, attended by my friend. At a point where we struck the main road to the next village, Don Rafael ordered a halt, and taking me affectionately by the hand, said:

"My dear fellow, I am about to quit you here, and it may be we shall never meet again."

"You!" I cried, in astonishment.

"Yes! You see I have business elsewhere of more importance than wandering about with a self-conceited sprig of English nobility."

Heavens! this from Don Rafael? Did my ears deceive me? I was dumb with amazement.

"You are astonished, I see; but I shall astonish you still more; for though you are not too remotely removed from a fool, you still have sense enough, I think, to appreciate the ridiculous. Go home, vain, boasting Englishman! And when you speak of your travels in the Peninsula, forget not to mention you were honored with the companionship of a robber chief that despised you. You have wished to see Senor Carrasco. You have paid your money, and have a right. *I am he!* Do you understand the whole plot now? Farewell!"

He waved his hand, turned to his followers and quickly disappeared, leaving me standing in the road the most astounded, mortified, crestfallen piece of humanity in the world! Yes, I did understand the whole plot, and it taught me a valuable lesson. I have never again become intimate with a stranger.

News of Interest

Paris has eight hundred newspapers.

Mr. Jolly Death is a detective in London, Eng.

Rev. Joseph Cook's education cost $17,000.

An occasional holiday saves doctor's bills.

Chinese officials are dismissed for eating opium.

Wooden steamships are going out of existence.

Most toothbrushes are made in New England.

Duels and suicides are unknown among the Turks.

The fashion of wearing jewelry is older than history.

Alligators are used in Florida to make compost with.

The first silk mill in the United States was built in 1810.

Watercresses can be grown wherever there is a stream.

Onion juice will instantly allay the pain of mosquito bites.

During last year the population of Kansas increased 15,000.

The cotton mills in the South are increasing in success.

A needle will float if carefully laid on the surface of water.

A pound of cochineal contains 70,000 insects, boiled to death.

England has 33 ironclads in service, with other ships in reserve.

A national debt of $2,650,000,000 throws its shadow over Spain.

London, Eng., clergymen are trying to stop Sunday excursion trains.

The phyllox has done $200,000,000 damage to the vineyards of France.

One of the most daring Turkish officers during the late war was a woman.

The American Tract Society has distributed 74,000,000 tracts within a year.

Seals can be trained to be the same to fishermen that dogs are to hunters.

Great Britain last year paid to other countries over $160,000,000 for wheat.

Shooting women thirty feet out of a cannon is one of the amusements of Paris.

There are more periodicals published in the United States than in any other country.

Every person should be careful of exposure to the night air at this season of the year.

The new English war steamer, Iris, has a maximum speed of twenty-one miles an hour.

By the recent strike the Lancashire (Eng.) mill owners saved over $3,000,000 in wages.

Terre Haute Spiritualists claim to have photographed the materialized spirit of Christ.

Though 38,503 Irish emigrated in 1866, the Emerald Isle gained 7,189 in population that year.

The King of Burmah recently imprisoned all his ministers several hours for being late.

In New South Wales, last year, four million sheep were lost from the effects of dry weather.

A new secret society of laboring men, called Knights of Labor, is said to have 874,000 members.

A New York thief has been sent to prison for two years for stealing a purse containing five cents.

America has sent over 400 missionaries to Turkey, and spent $5,000,000 to convert the Turks to Christianity.

Capt. Mayne Reid, who used to write so many exciting stories for boys, is now raising sheep in England.

Boston people buy Mexican silver dollars in New York for 93 or 94 cents and work them off at home at par.

It is becoming customary in Western public schools to use a newspaper instead of a book for reading lessons.

A child recently died in Paris from eating a few peach kernels, which contained a percentage of prussic acid.

The Southern Pacific Railroad is shaded by a continuous line of cottonwood trees planted for telegraph poles.

The town of Somers, Mass., furnishes sexton, hearse and grave for all its inhabitants at a uniform charge of $4.

Kearney, the labor agitator, writes to labor clubs wherever he goes that he wants the expenses of two men paid.

Miss Braddon, the English novelist, is portrayed as a big, blowsy woman, prosaic and commonplace in appearance.

There will be about half a billion dollars worth of cattle shipped over the Union Pacific road this season to the east.

St. Petersburg is, with a single exception, the unhealthiest city in the world—Madrid, Spain, being the exception.

Westmoreland is the smallest county in Virginia, but it was the birthplace of three Presidents—Washington, Madison and Monroe.

At Memphis they have a twelve-pounder Parrot gun mounted to stop all blockade running steamboats from the fever-infested districts below.

At Washington base ball matches, they send up a balloon with the score painted on it in great black letters easily read by every one near the grounds.

The cent has never become acclimated in Louisville, but leading retail dealers are following the example of St. Louis and other cities in helping to introduce it.

The Rev. S. F. Barber, curate of Lower Milton, Conn., has been dismissed because the vicar objects to the color of the trousers he wore while officiating on several occasions.

The Spanish government has just secured the extradition from France of a mysterious lady of high rank, said to have engaged with several illustrious accomplices in the theft of $4,000,000.

The best of our American colleges bear no comparison in the strength of their faculties with the German universities. The university of Leipsic, for instance, this year has a corps of 123 professors, 46 tutors and 58 assistants. This university has 2800 students.

The publisher of an esteemed contemporary on Mount Washington prints the names of young men at the hotels who work off on a hand press the greatest number of copies of his paper in a given time. Muscular summer boarders, covetous of fame, flock to the office, and thus the publisher saves the cost of a steam engine or a mule.

A congress of fathers of families is to be held in Brussels for the purpose of petitioning the King of the Belgians for the pardon of the 15,000 deserters from the Belgian army who have fled to other countries. They wish their sons again with them. The press of the country is opposed to their desire, saying that the population of the country is now too great, and that work is difficult to procure. If 15,000 men were added to those seeking it, the pinch would be still more severe.

From Ten to Fifteen Years

are, to all appearance, dropped from the age of ladies past the zenith of womanhood, who have used LAIRD'S BLOOM OF YOUTH for a week or two. Although the days when the lily vied with the rose in the girlish cheek cannot be recalled, yet the divine auroral tint of youth may be restored to the complexion by that astonishing reproducer of beauty, which overcomes every imperfection of the skin, rendering it soft and clear.

A GLIMPSE OF THE PAST.

BY VERNON.

Don't you remember the sea-shore, love,
The shore with its sands so white,
And the low rolling surf rippling softly on,
As we walked in the summer's night?
'Twas long ago in our shining youth,
And our hearts beat as one at the time;
You lov'd me then, tho' you spoke not a word,
For your little hand trembled in mine.

Don't you remember our parting, sweet,
You bade me bury the past,
When you knew very well that my love would remain
As a part of my life to the last?
Long, weary years have passed since then,
And our life paths have moved far apart,
But though others have claimed the best of our years,
They could not control the heart.

ERCELDEAN:

—OR—

The Price of a Heart.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," &c.

CHAPTER XLII.

Four weeks had passed since Beatrix Lennox had given up her fortune for her love. They had passed but slowly at Strathnarn; they passed even more slowly in the sumptuous mansion of Peter Lennox. The London season closed for him in sorrow and in gloom. He gave great dinner-parties, and those who admired the millionnaire's choice wines came to assist. He answered all inquiries about his niece with few words—she has returned to Scotland with Lady Ailsa. There was no more to be said. If any one, not knowing the circumstances of the case, made a remark that it was a sad pity Miss Lennox had missed the close of the season, the millionnaire's sole reply was a hard cold look, followed by a bow, which closed the conversation. When he found himself with his sumptuous rooms filled with people all looking tired and bored with an entertainment that had cost much, he knew that the bright presence of his beautiful niece had been a source of immense attraction; still he would not abate one single jot of the programme he had lain out for himself. His final achievement was to give a grand ball, where everything was of the choicest and most *recherche* description. He secured one of the finest bands in London and a clever *chef*. People went, talked about Beatrix, lamented her absence, and came away; Peter Lennox's ball-room without her was like the world without the sun—he felt it and knew it, but would not surrender.

Then the season closed. People were all leaving town; and Peter Lennox bethought himself that he too would leave. He would go to Erceldean. The summer was at its loveliest, and Erceldean would be looking its fairest, he knew; yet his heart was heavy within him, for what would Erceldean be without Beatrix?

When he reached the Castle, he told the assembled servants that the ladies would not return to Erceldean; their apartments therefore were closed, and all signs and traces of their presence removed, and Peter Lennox set himself to enjoy his life and his dignity.

"She was an ungrateful girl," he said; yet his heart warmed and softened as he thought of the bright face. "She was no true Lennox," he declared, and then he felt proud even of her spirited resistance.

She had filled his house with light and warmth; now it was cold and gloomy. He tried hard to make himself believe that he did not miss her very much; but his life was wretched, and he realised it at last.

"She will be sure to write," he thought to himself, "when the poverty of Strathnarn has pressed a little more upon her."

He waited day after day, but no letters came, and Peter Lennox lost what little patience he had ever had—lost it completely. Beatrix was ungrateful; he would think no more of her. Then he would rise earlier than usual the next morning to stand upon the terrace and watch for the post bag. He would pace angrily up and down, vowing to himself that, even if she wrote and ask him to forgive her, he would not. Clutching almost greedily at the letters when they arrived, he would glance at them, and then fling them passionately on the grass, for never a post brought one line from her.

Another week passed, and he had grown desperate. He had invited a few friends for the shooting; and, when they came, he was at a loss how to entertain them. They missed the bright, happy girl who had made their previous visit so pleasant. They ate costly dinners from superb plate, they drank rare wines from priceless glass, they lived in superb rooms, they rode the finest of horses; yet they grew tired very soon of it all, and left before the time appointed. He knew that the visits were, like the parties and balls, a dead failure. He lost heart, and began to long for his niece again.

Surely the past weeks must have shown her the folly of disobedience; surely she would be ready now to capitulate, although she might be too proud to say so. It would be as well perhaps if there was some one to mediate between them. He bethought himself—what if he went to Strathnarn? She would be touched by his going, and far more likely to listen to him than a third person. He waited another week, and then he could bear himself no longer—he went to Strathnarn.

Had a thunderbolt fallen in the quiet room where Lady Ailsa and her daughter sat, it could not have produced a greater consternation than the announcement of Peter Lennox's name. Margaret the servant's face was purple with excitement; she stood still in the little dark entrance-hall as he passed her by.

"Please Heaven," she said devoutly, "all will come right now!"

Peter Lennox, looked very pale and stately, walked in quietly. Lady Ailsa uttered a little cry of surprise; Beatrix looked up with a glow on her face. He bent down and kissed his sister-in-law, uttered a few words of kindly greeting, and then he turned to Beatrix, who had risen, and stood confronting him.

"Beatrix," he said, in a voice that, for him, was very gentle, "I miss you greatly. You have been as dear to me as if you were my own daughter. I miss you more than I can say. Will you come back to me?"

"My dear uncle," she replied; "I have missed you. I will come back to you again, and be as your own child to you, if——"

"If what?" he asked.

"If you will consent to my marriage with Beltran Carew—not without," she replied steadily.

He stood looking at her with an expression of passionate misery in his eyes.

"Beatrix," he said, "you have been the very light of my home. I am dazed and bewildered, lost and unhappy without you. My dear, come back to me, and make my last years happy—come back to me, that I may have a daughter in my old age—come back to me, Beatrix."

His hope rose high, for he saw tears in her eyes and the proud lips quiver. She went up to him and kissed him.

"See, Beatrix—I have humbled myself to come to you," he said; "I have sought you in spite of my anger. You cannot be less generous—you must come to me."

"I will, on that one condition, uncle. I love you very much, and I am deeply touched by your kindness in coming to see me; but, my dearest uncle, I can never change my resolution. If you will allow me to return as the betrothed wife of Beltran Carew, Heaven knows I shall be glad enough; if not, I must stay where I am."

His pale face worked almost convulsively.

"I have missed you so much, Beatrix; I could not love you better if you were my own child. Give up this caprice; make me some return for my love. I have been generous in putting my anger aside and coming to seek you; be equally generous my darling. Come and be all you once were to me. Ailsa, plead for me. I am an old man now—I have not much longer perhaps to enjoy my wealth. I am lonely, too. Do not be hard upon me, Beatrix; come back to me."

"On that one condition I will, uncle, not without."

"You cannot let me go without you, Beatrix. Say that you will give up this man who has stood so long between my love and yours; say you will try to forget him; and then if you cannot succeed, we must think of some other plan."

Lady Ailsa looked up hopefully. This was indeed a great concession for him to make. Beatrix merely smiled.

"If I could be false to him one moment, uncle, I could be false for all time," she replied. "My answer is the same now as it was before—it will never vary—I will return to you if you receive me as the betrothed wife of Beltran Carew, not without."

"Then I have wasted my time, and you have proved yourself harder than I thought you were. Ailsa, have you nothing to say?"

Lady Ailsa gravely shook her head.

"Nothing but this," she said—"that I think Beatrix must please herself, Peter. Her life is her own, and, if she chooses to make herself happy in this fashion, as her whole heart is set upon it, we must not interfere. I am willing to suffer all the penalties that her resolution will cost me."

"Mother and daughter against me!" he murmured. "I will go then, since my coming has been of no use."

He turned to quit the room. Beatrix hurried to him.

"But, uncle, you will surely partake of something with us—wine or tea? You cannot go away in this fashion."

"Child," he said, "I could not eat—my heart is heavy within me."

Looking up at him, she was startled to find that his eyes were dim with tears.

"Good bye to both of you," he said. "Always remember, if I should not see you again, that I left you more in sorrow than in anger—never forget that."

The next moment he was gone, and for the first time Beatrix wept sorely. There was no regret because of her decision, no wavering in her true deep love; but she grieved that her relative felt her refusal so keenly.

That short visit was the only break in the solitude of Lady Ailsa and her daughter, but it seemed to leave them more lonely and desolate than before.

* * * * *

Beltran was angry with fate and fortune, but it was all of no avail. The case in which he was engaged still dragged on its weary way. It was a very important one. All England was watching it with anxious eyes. His future career depended on it. If he won it, then his fame was secure; even if he lost it, provided that he contested it well, it would not matter. The only thing certain was the utter impossibility of leaving it. He could not bear to think of his darling immured in the lonely Grange; he longed to be with her. But she too was worldly-wise. She forbade him to come until the law-suit was ended.

"Does Miss Lennox still refuse to surrender?" asked Mrs. Carew of her son one day. "Does she still think the world well lost for love?"

Beltran laughed. It was so sweet to answer "Yes," knowing how loyal and true Beatrix was!

"Do you remember the fable of the lion and the mouse, Beltran?" asked Mrs. Carew.

"I remember it, mother, but I fail to see its present application," he replied.

"I shall be the mouse, Beltran," she said laughingly, "that by gnawing the net will set the lion free. Do you ever see Mr. Lennox?"

"He has left town. Every one says that he feels the loss of his niece acutely. I did hear that he looked thinner and sterner than ever. I hope it is not true."

"He ought to look thin for being so severe with that sweet niece of his. How she loves you, Beltran! The more I think of it the more astonished I am that she gave up such a fortune for love."

"You speak, mother, as though you had no very great opinion of love," said Beltran.

"I do not take things *au serieux*," laughed Mrs. Carew. "I treat life as a comedy. My own essay in love was not a success, my dear."

And with this explanation of his mother's strange ideas he was obliged to be content.

CHAPTER XLIII.

One golden gleam of sunlight came to Beatrix at Strathnarn. It took the form of a letter from the Duke of Heathland, as noble and manly a letter as she ever remembered to have seen. In it he said—

"I have been greatly pained by news that reach me from England. I hear that you are engaged to Mr. Carew, whom I remember as one of the most promising young men in London. From my heart I wish you all happiness. If ever it lies in my power to help Mr. Carew, pray do not forget that I am, for your sake, his true friend. I have been grieved to hear that your uncle is displeased with your choice, and that he has altered his mind in regard to you. They tell me that you have returned to Strathnarn, and, though you love the place well, it must be a most unpleasant change for you. Dear Miss Lennox, nothing but my great regard for you gives me courage to add that in this temporary difficulty I beg you to remember that all I have in the world lies at your feet, and that, if you will only honor me by accepting aid or help, you will make me one of the happiest of men."

Beatrix felt infinitely grateful to him. She told him so, and promised that if ever she did require help she would ask it of him in preference to any one else; but she added that she hoped she would never need it.

Meanwhile Peter Lennox, feeling most wretched and miserable, had gone back to Erceldean. His first proceeding was to send for Mr. Gunter, of the well-known firm of Gunter and Smith—his solicitors—and the two gentlemen had a long and troubled interview.

They were seated in the dining room, where an excellent dinner had just been served to them. Some of Mr. Lennox's fine old Madeira was on the table, some of his choice fruit filled the costly dishes—peaches, apricots, grapes, all freshly gathered; but the Madiera remained untasted in the host's glass—his heart was heavy and ill at ease.

"I want you to tell me, Gunter," he said, "what I am to do with all my money. I need not have passed my life in accumulating it. What am I to do with it?"

"Is all hope of reconciliation with your niece ended?" asked the lawyer earnestly.

"Yes, yes! Do not mention her. It is all ended, more completely ended than if I were a pauper, or dead. What am I to do with Erceldean—with my money?"

"Advertise for the next of kin," suggested Mr. Gunter.

"There would arise a host of false claimants, a hundred law-suits would follow, and both fortune and estate would probably remain in Chancery for an unlimited time. That will not do. Think again, Gunter."

"There is only one other course open. You must marry, Mr. Lennox—marry, and with the blessing of Heaven you may have heirs of your own."

Peter Lennox looked at him.

"It is strange that you should suggest that," he said." I was thinking of the very same thing this morning. I do not imagine that there would be any great difficulty. True, I am not young; but then there are not many women in the world like my niece Beatrix—not many who would refuse to share a fortune like mine."

"Certainly not, Mr. Lennox. The ladies, sir, of this generation, to use a common expression, are peculiarly wide-awake; you need have no fear of a refusal."

"It is not that," said Peter Lennox. "I must tell you a story, Gunter—the story of a boy's mad passion. I never thought that I should tell it, but, if I have to take this important step, I must have advice. Listen—I am afraid that I shall surprise you." And drawing his chair nearer to that of the lawyer, Mr. Lennox narrated a long story to him. The lawyer's face was a picture of dismay and surprise.

"That is an awkward matter for you, sir," he said; "it must be cleared up."

"Yes, it should be cleared up; but how is it to be done?"

"Send a detective to America at once," said Mr. Gunter; "lose no time. Pardon me, Mr. Lennox, but really, sir, with this hanging over you, you have been, to say the least, terribly indiscreet."

"There is nothing hanging over me," rejoined the millionnaire angrily.

The lawyer whispered something to him which made the stern face flush purple.

"Nonsense," he cried—"nonsense! Of course, if that had been the case, I should have heard something of it."

"I do not see how you could have heard about it; if all you tell me is true, you would be the last in the world to hear of it. It is a most serious matter, Mr. Lennox. I did not think it was in human nature to take things so quietly. It might have been a serious matter to Miss Lennox."

"Do not refer to that young lady, if you please, Gunter."

"You had better give me all details, all particulars, and let me send off a detective at once. I know one that is very shrewd in matters of this kind; if there be ever so slight a trace, he will follow it up and make something out of it. Do you authorise me to send him, Mr. Lennox?"

"Yes; it must be done, I suppose. I have really never thought of the matter in that way; nor do I think there is the least need for such precautions. Still Erceldean is a large estate, and my wealth is great—it is better to be quite sure."

"I should say so. I may add that, as a lawyer, I ought not to be surprised at anything," said Mr. Gunter; "but I am just a little surprised, Mr. Lennox; I should never have thought that such a story was associated with you, sir."

"No; I am ashamed of it myself—quite ashamed, Gunter; we will not talk about it any more. We will defer any arrangement until the detective has sent in his report."

The interview ended then, but it was noticed that for the remainder of that day Mr. Gunter's face wore an expression of great wonder and astonishment.

"I ought to know human nature," he said to himself over and over again, "but it is a certain fact that I do not."

A dreadful fit of unrest seized upon Peter Lennox; he could not read, he could not converse, he could not find repose anywhere. The lawyer's suggestion was always in his mind—if what he had hinted should prove true, then might Heaven help him! But it was impossible—unlikely.

"I wish the man had never named such a thing," he said. "Here I am making myself wretched and miserable over a terror of my own creation. It cannot be true."

"What has come to the master?" the servants asked. A very fever of unrest had seized upon him. He never seemed to know how time was passing or what was doing. His *chief de cuisine*, who had once upon a time been so proud of his office, began to despair; the *recherche* dinner that he prepared with such skill was sent away untouched—nay, it often happened that Peter Lennox, who had been one of the most methodical of men, forgot the dinner hour altogether, and returned home long after the appointed time, with a dazed, vacant face painful to behold. At first people thought that he had lost money; afterwards he seemed strange and eccentric. There were many rumors about him, but no one knew the strange history that he had imparted to the old lawyer over a bottle of Madeira.

When the Duke of Heathland returned to England he went at once to Strathnarn. His anger against the millionnaire was great. He remained at the Grange for two or three days; but he said no word of love to Beatrix. He sympathised with her; he told her that she was doing right; and he entered with the greatest of kindness into all her plans for the future. He spoke most kindly of Beltran Carew and of his prospects. He told Beatrix that he should lose no chance of pushing his fortunes—of doing all that laid in his power for him—and it seemed to Lady Ailsa that the great peer admired her beautiful daughter more in the midst of her poverty and privations than he had done when she was queen in the most brilliant circles in London. He was all that was most kind. Bertrix liked him better than she had ever liked him before. His kindness touched her. He remained her friend although he had ceased to be her lover.

There was many a strange scene afterwards between the Duke and the millionnaire. His Grace went to Erceldean and tried to remonstrate with him, but Peter Lennox would not listen. He would not admit that he had done wrong. His niece had of her own accord voluntarily defied him and refused to submit to him, therefore all was at an end between them.

"She will accept nothing from me," said his Grace despondently—"nothing. Lady Ailsa will not honor me by allowing me to lend her some money."

Peter Lennox's stern face did not soften as he listened. He would not yield an inch now. He believed no one in the wide world had ever been so hardly used, so badly treated.

"I ought never to have trusted a woman," he said to the Duke, who in his turn assured him most solemnly that the only people in the world worth trusting were women.

But Peter Lennox shook his head gravely. It was of no use telling him that. When had he been brought into contact with a woman who had not in some way or other caused him pain and discomfiture?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Fisherman's Treasure

BY JULIUS COMER.

In a small hamlet of the Terra di Lavoro, on the Gaetan Gulf, within the kingdom of Naples, lived an old fisherman named Antonio Morino. He was called a fisherman because, in his younger days, he had pursued that occupation for a livelihood; and because, at the present time, he owned boats, and frequently joined the toilers upon the Gulf in their piscatorial cruisings.

At the age of five-and-twenty he had left his native land for a voyage to India, having promise of much better pay than he could possibly make at fishing. The ship in which he sailed from Naples never returned, and Antonio Morino was given up for lost, and almost forgotten. At the expiration of fifteen years, however, he once more made his appearance in the hamlet, and was warmly welcomed by his old friends. He told how his ship had been cast away in the Indian Ocean, and all hands lost save himself.

At the age of forty, Antonio settled down in his old home and took a wife; and in time a son was born to him, whom he called Leonardo. He bought boats and spent a portion of his time in fishing; but he evidently did this only for pastime; for he never sold any of his fish, but gave to his poorer neighbors what he did not consume in his own family. He made no show of money, and yet he always had it when it was needed. Many were curious, and sought to fathom his secret, but without avail. Morino seemed to have but one grand aim in life, and that was to rear his son to a station of honor and independence.

At the age of twelve years, Leonardo, grown to be a bright and handsome boy, was sent to Capua, to school, and while he was absent his mother died.

At the age of eighteen he went to Lyons, and thence to Paris, where he made himself acquainted with mercantile matters.

On the very day that he was one-and-twenty he came home, bringing with him a beautiful girl whom he wished to make his wife. She was a native of Marseilles—an orphan—and her name was Cora. Old Antonio loved her at once, and the nuptial ceremonies were not long delayed.

On the day following the wedding, the old man conducted Leonardo and Cora down into the cellar and showed them in the pit twelve stout earthern jars full of precious gold. And then he told them how he had gained it during his stay in India.

"My son," he concluded, "this great wealth I have saved for you; but we must not expose it here. On the morrow we will move it away, and set sail for France. You and Cora shall make a home in Marseilles, and I will be happy with you."

Cora asked if there were robbers in the neighborhood.

"Ah," said Antonio, shaking his head, "you don't know our country. The nobles would be our robbers. Look at Gregorio Barbieri, the Count of Mondragone, who gained a title and a castle just because he discovered the famous medicinal waters; he would not hesitate to rob us if he had an opportunity."

There seemed to be a direful magic spell in the calling of that name; for within half an hour after they had ascended from the cellar, the Count of Mondragone, accompanied by six serving men, as evil-looking and as ugly as himself, made his appearance at the cot. He did not stop to ask questions, but having seized upon Antonio and his son, and bound them hand and foot, he bore them away to his castle of Mondragone, where they were introduced at once into a torture chamber—a dark, dismal underground crypt—and where the Count made known his business.

"Now, Antonio Morino," pronounced the Count, "tell me, where is your gold? I ask not whether you have much or little; but I simply demand to know where is it? I will set your body on the torment, and I will rack your limbs from their sockets if you do not tell me! And if you die in your silence, I will put your son in your place; and he too shall undergo the ordeal. Now speak. Where is your gold hidden?"

Receiving no reply, he turned to the ill-looking attendants and said in a loud, stern voice, "Is all ready?"

A nod of the head from each of the men was the sole response.

"Then give one turn of the rack as a foretaste of what is to follow," was the Count's cruel order.

The men proceeded to obey, but the son could no longer look upon the scene without giving way.

"Hold—hold!" cried Leonardo, as he saw the strong men about to turn the racking beams. "I will tell!"

"No, no, my son!" said the old man. "Torture can only slightly abridge a life which has almost run its course. Let this vile Count and his myrmidons do the worst he can; I will endure it, and defy them!"

"How! Dost think I would have gold that had cost me my father's life? No; not a morsel of pain shall rack thy dear old limbs if I can prevent it! Look ye, Sir Count——"

The old fisherman interposed, and asked Barbieri how much gold would satisfy him. The base and covetous man knew that father and son were in his power, and he would have all or none. At length, when he saw that there could be no possible hope, old Morino spoke.

"The gold is in my cellar. In the corner next the old fountain is a flagging-stone of a darker hue than its mates, and at the angle nearest the wall is an opening large enough for the insertion of a hand. Raise this stone, and you will find twelve earthern jars, with leaden covers, filled with gold. It is all I possess of wealth in the world. If you will leave for my poor boy two jars—only two!"

But the Count would not stop to listen to prayers. It was now very near nightfall; and as soon as he could get his horses ready he set forth, bearing father and son back as he had brought them, bound hand and foot; and he said to them, if he found the gold they should be free, but if he found it not they should suffer.

It was dark when they reached the cot, and the women were not there; but Barbieri thought not of them. With lighted torches he went to the cellar, where he found the stone, as Antonio had said; and underneath it he found the twelve jars, and having removed one of the leaden covers he beheld the glittering gold. He handled the precious pieces that his eyes might not be deceived, and he lifted more of the coins. With the assistance of his men he bore the heavy jars to the yard, and when he was ready to start away he turned to give Antonio and his son a parting word, to the effect that if they made any serious stir about the matter they should both die.

Antonio Morino and his son were left alone. The old man sank down into his chair, completely overwhelmed with grief, while Leonardo sought to comfort him.

"No, no, my boy—you cannot bring joy to my soul again! Oh, how many years have I preserved this treasure for thee! For myself I care not; but for my dear son——"

At this juncture Cora and her maid entered the cot.

"Oh, dear Leonardo, have those terrible men gone?"

"Yes, yes, my sweet wife!" he exclaimed as he embraced her.

"And the vessel our father had provided—is it ready for sea?"

"Yes, my precious love."

"The wicked Count took you away that he might gain from you the secret of your hidden wealth?"

"Yes. He would have put my father to dreadful torture, and I told him where the gold was concealed; and he has borne it all away!"

"Not all," returned Cora, with brightening look. "When I knew that the Count of Mondragone had carried you away I could well guess his intent, and I furthermore knew that my dear husband would not see his father suffer for the sake of preserving the secret. That the wretch would return in search of the treasure I felt very sure, and I naturally judged that he would bring you back with him. But I did not mean that he should rob you if I could help it. So I called Lisette, and we went to the cellar and emptied all the gold from the jars into leather sacks which we found in the upper chamber. Then we refilled the jars with balls and bolts of lead which we cut from the old fishing nets in the shed. We filled them almost full, but were careful to place on the top a layer of gold coin, so that, if the robber should open them, as I knew he would, he should not readily discover the cheat. Cheer up, dear father, and prepare for flight. The wicked Count has only gone off with a lot of worthless lead, while almost the whole of your gold is at this moment in the boat, which you left secured at the landing-steps behind the cot. You know the tops of the jars were very small, and it required but little gold to cover the exposed surface."

The old man caught the heroic little woman in his arms and blessed her, and then hastened with his preparations for departure. Every minute was precious; for Barbieri might come back very soon. But they had not much to do. Their vessel, a small felucca, was lying close in by the shore, and before midnight they had bid farewell to the Terra di Lavoro for ever.

When, two hours later, the Count of Mondragone came to the cot, filled with wrath and swearing vengeance and death, they were far away upon the bosom of the gulf, catching the fair, brisk breeze that dipped the wave-crests towards the Tuscan sea—far away towards the new home, where peace and comfort and joy were to be theirs, and where Antonio Morino was to be amply blessed in the evening of his life by the love and devoted care of those for whom he had so long and so self-sacrificingly held his strangely-gotten wealth.

THE KING'S COCK-CROWER.—Formerly in England during the season of Lent, an officer denominated "The King's Cock-Crower" cried the hour every night within the precincts of the palace, instead of proclaiming it in the ordinary manner. On the first Ash-Wednesday after the accession of the House of Hanover, as the Prince of Wales, afterwards George II., was sitting down to supper, this officer suddenly entered the apartment, and proclaimed, in a sound resembling "the cock's shrill clarion," that it was past ten o'clock. Taken thus by surprise, and very imperfectly acquainted with the English language, the prince mistook the tremulation of the assumed crow as some mockery intended to insult him, and rose to resent the affront; with some difficulty he was made to understand the nature of the custom, and that it was intended as a compliment, and according to Court etiquette. From that period the custom has been discontinued.

The Earl of Rosebery recently made a strong speech in favor of opening the museums and picture galleries of London to the public on Sunday afternoons.

Mrs. Byram, a cattle farmer in Illinois, took premiums amounting to $1150 at agricultural fairs last fall.

Virtue is not more exempt than vice from the ills of fate; but it contains within itself an energy to resist them, sometimes an anodyne to soothe.

THE REVIEWER
NEW PUBLICATIONS.

MAGAZINES.

Lippincott's Magazine for September contains a variety of excellent matter. It is well illustrated, and all the papers are of interest. The illustrated articles are an account of a visit to the Desert of Sahara, by a lady; and a description of Kashmir, by Edward C. Bruce. "Personal Sketches of Some French Litterateurs," by Arthur Venner, will attract much notice by details respecting the lives and habits of Talme, About, the younger Dumas, and other celebrities with whom the writer has come in contact. Mary Dean has a graphic and amusing rural sketch entitled "The Boy on a Hill Farm." A naval officer gives an account of "A Day at Tantah," the scene of the Egyptian annual fair. D. C. MacDonald relates the experiences of an English teacher in the United States. Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis contributes a short story, "His Great Deed," characterized by her well-known powers of delineation and insight. A story by Sherwood Bonner, "C. G., or Letty's Earrings," is sparkling and vivacious; and Miss Olney's new serial, "Through Winding Ways," grows in interest. Other short papers and poems, among which are those of Mrs. Moulton and John B. Tabb, are included in this entertaining number.

Appleton's Journal for September has three illustrated papers—The New York Postoffice, in Paraguay, and A Leap Year Romance, beginning in this number, and illustrated with a fine frontispiece. A Bit of Nature, and Voices of Westminster Abbey are concluded. There is a short story, A Strange Experience, by Lucy C. Lillie; a good paper, A Voyage with the Voyageurs, and a sketch of Edward Manet, the eccentric French artist. There are six good poems in this number, which is a thoroughly excellent one. One merit about this magazine which other periodicals might imitate, is, that it comes to us with its leaves cut.

Scribner's Monthly for September is a very bright number. The engravings are of the highest style. There are five finely illustrated articles—Hunting the Mule-Deer in Colorado, To South Africa for Diamonds, Glimpses of Western Farm Life, A Spool of Thread, The Engandine, by Gov. McClellan, illustrated by Thomas Moran and Riordon. Ready for the Rider, a poem by H. C. Bunner; My Wolves, a poem by F. G. Fairfield, are well illustrated. There are a number of interesting papers, Thoreau's Days and Nights in Concord being particularly interesting. Brick-a-Brac contains much fun and caricature, and is entertaining.

St. Nicholas for September comes fresh and sparkling with fun and pictures, good sense, and good news. The article, How Birds Fly, is illustrated and entertaining. There is a graphic frontispiece called Shipwrecked. Nearly every paper contains an illustration, and the department for Very Little Folks is charming this month.

The Magazine of American History for September contains three historical articles, two papers, original documents, and a translation—The Exploration of the Mississippi by La Salle. Notes, Queries and Replies, and Literary Notices are all excellent. There are two illustrations—The Van Schaak House, Kinderhook; and Indian Antiquities.

Potter's American Monthly for September is finely and profusely illustrated, and is full of interesting matter. Among the good things of this number may be mentioned Rambles on the Rail, or Homeward Bound, by J. Bonsall; Last Days of Hans Christian Andersen, English Bible Translations, Pen, Press and Pencil Sketches, The Inscrutable Ways of Hens, and Vacation in the Country. Then follow Notes and Queries, Current Memoranda, Literature and Art, and Gossip and Note Book. The illustrations and stories of this magazine are of the best style of art.

We have received from Messrs. Cassel, Peter & Galpin, of New York, *The Magazine of Art*. This valuable magazine improves with every number. The illustrations are of the best order of art.

We have received several numbers of *The Medical and Surgical Reporter*, a weekly, edited by D. G. Brinton, M. D. This periodical is a capital one, being carefully and thoroughly edited, full of original matter and containing the latest information respecting medical and surgical science. $5.00 per annum, in advance. Single copies ten cents.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

A hasty man never wants woe.

Words are but the froth of thoughts.

A man must become wise at his own expense.

A fine coat may cover a fool, but never conceal one.

Neither despise nor oppose what you do not understand.

Laziness travels so slowly that poverty soon overtakes her.

If thou art too lazy to think, thou wilt be too poor to know.

He who laughs at cruelty sets his heel on the neck of religion.

All human virtues increase and strengthen by the experience of them.

He who knows his ignorance is the possessor of the rarest of knowledge.

The Chinese say there is a well of wisdom at the root of every gray hair.

Do good to all, that thou mayest keep thy friends and gain thine enemies.

Relations always take the greatest liberties, and render the least assistance.

Our hope for self is strongest and least selfish when it is blended with hope for the world.

The world is full of sublime truths, and yet most people spend their time hunting for vapid curiosities.

It is well enough for us to see beautiful illusions in our dreams, but we should walk awake with truth.

Fun is worth more than physic, and he that invents or discovers a new supply is a public benefactor.

Silence never shows itself to so great an advantage as when it is the answer to calumny and defamation.

He that blows the coals in quarrels he has nothing to do with, cannot complain if sparks fly in his face.

He who gains the victory over great insults is often overpowered by the smallest; so it is with our sorrows.

The soul that has no established limit to circumscribe its endeavors, loses itself. He that is everywhere is nowhere.

Hope is always liberal, and they that trust her promises make little scruple of reveling to-day on to-morrow's profits.

We should round every day of stirring action with an evening of thought. Otherwise we profit nothing from experience.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

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PHILADELPHIA
1821
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SATURDAY EVENING, AUGUST 24, 1878.

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ANSWERS TO INQUIRERS.
NEWS OF INTEREST.
MISCELLANY.

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NEXT week we shall commence the publication of another charming serial by a popular and well-known author.

NOW is the appointed time to inspect the merits of the Post, to examine it thoroughly, and to make up one's mind to subscribe for the paper and the companion oleographs.

MUCH is being done to inculcate the reading public into a taste for the best literature. The truest literature is that which is absorbed by the people; like sleep, a refreshment and a series of dreams, a soothing influence and a necessity.

EACH generation has to cultivate anew an appreciation of the great works of the past. It is not enough that the masters of art and of life were crowned in their time, and it is not enough that they won the best appreciation of the best spirits of the last century; not enough that the critics, the intellectual testers, the careful essayers for the last generation found them good. The living public of the present time, looking with fresh eyes, curiously questions the great men, and demands a re-examination of the grounds of their splendid reputation.

NO BRANCH OF letters is richer at the present time than that in which the writer, laying aside all thought of direct creativeness, confines himself to the criticism of the works of the past or present, analyzing and studying the influences that have been brought to bear upon the poet, historian, or novelist; anatomizing literature and resolving it into its elements, pointing out the action exercised upon thought and expression by the age, and seeking the effects of these upon society and politics, as well as upon the general tastes and moral being of a generation. Methods of writing are now discussed rather than put in practice. We are in a transition age more than politically. Creative genius seems to be resting for more marked and permanent channels to be formed; so that, though every year gives birth to numberless works in every branch of art, original production is rarer than the activity, the restlessness of the time might lead us to expect.

IS IT education to put a youth in a school and work out of him a certain amount of mathematics, and work into him a certain number of languages? Is a man dressed because one arm has a spotless wristband, unquestionable sleeve-buttons, a handsome sleeve, and a well fitting glove at the end, while he is out at the other elbow, patched on both knees, and down at the heels? Should we consider nature a success if she concerned herself only with carrying nutriment to the stomach, and left the heart and lungs and nerves to shift for themselves? Yet, in our so-called education, we educate the mind, the memory, and the intellectual faculties, but the manners, the courtesies, the social tastes, the greater part of what goes to make life happy and genial; not to say good, we leave out of view. People talk about the "awkward age" of boys—the age in which their hands and feet trouble them, and in which they are a social burden to themselves and their friends. But one age need be no more awkward than another. We have seen boys that were gentlemen from the cradle to the grave. Let boys have the associations, the culture, the training, and the treatment of gentlemen, and I do not believe there will be a single moment of their lives in which they will be clowns. And among the first necessities are the surroundings of a gentleman. When a man is grown up he can live in a sty and not be a pig, but turn a horde of boys in, and when they come out they will root out. A man bears in himself the consciousness of his own power. Educate a boy to tumbled hair and grimy hands and he will go tumbled and grimy through life.

CONFIDENCE.

It is astonishing how little reluctance people have in asking you for your confidence, and how little reticence they expect you to possess. They come to pay you a visit, and before they leave they have put you through your paces as to this and that, and think themselves specially aggrieved if you refuse to unlock the sacred cabinet wherein you keep your personal concerns, and show a decided inclination to allow them to handle the contents at their pleasure.

If an intimate and beloved friend asks you for your confidence, well and good; you know to whom you trust yourself. You are bound by the strong ties of friendship and mutual trust, of proved faithfulness, and long-time knowledge. That is quite another matter, and friendship has its rights as well as its duties; but it is the people whom you do not know, and have no cause to trust, whose demands on your confidence come so crudely, and sound so conscienceless. Why should you trust a chance acquaintance with your secrets? If you, the natural custodian, cannot keep your own treasure safe, do you expect that any one else will? "Fast bind—safe find," is a good old saying that applies as much to verbal reticence as to mechanical security, and if you want to make quite sure that your affairs are not made common property, take care not to give them into general keeping.

Sometimes, indeed, you meet with persons in whom you can repose all confidence, who whisper neither to the winds nor the reeds a hint of what has been confided to them; who do not give the story without the names, and think they break no confidence if they are careful not to remove these masks; who do not make allusions to what you have told them before other people, nor wink, nor look familiarly, as one gossip with another; who do not give the ends of clues, all of which they think are cleverly disguised, but which are in reality both betraying and embarrassing; nor yet do they always go back on the subject—one that, perhaps, you do not wish to remember, and which once told, and so far off your mind, you do not care to discuss afterwards—and whenever they are alone with you, make their presence so much torture by reminding you of what you once confided to them, and going again over the particulars.

Perhaps it is best to keep all our griefs and secrets within ourselves "encysted," as Dr. Holmes calls it so appropriately, that the world may never know our troubles, and use a species of self-denial in keeping our confidence to ourselves.

SANCTUM CHAT.

A FRENCH critic, M. Jules Clarette, writing to the Brussels Journal, makes some just remarks respecting the American pictures at the Paris Exposition. He says we are not original enough in our painting—not near as original, he thinks, as in our literature, but he has strong hopes of America's progress in the future.

THE house wherein George Eliot lives and writes stands in one of the most secluded nooks of London. It is a plain, comfortable building, surrounded by a generous measure of soft turf and graceful trees. Awnings shade the windows, and a high wall about the lawn contributes to the almost rural retirement of the most distinguished of living women.

EVERY element of strength in a civilized community demands special notice. The present material progress of nations brings us every day in contact with the application of power under various conditions, and the most thoughtless person is to some extent influenced mentally by the improvements, taking the places of older means and ways of adaptation, in the arts of life.

ABUNDANTLY as Nature has provided us with most of the material requisites, the highest possible dinner has never yet been eaten in America. It is the consummate flower of civilization and refinement; and an inability to produce it, or to appreciate its admirable beauty, if a happy inspiration should bring it into bloom, marks fatally the limit of culture which we have attained.

IT is a very general opinion that photography has made painting superfluous, or at least that it will do so as soon as further improvements in the process shall enable it to render color as well as light and shade. Art, where it exists to any serious purpose, follows Nature, but not the natural—according to Raphael's maxim that "The artist's aim is to make things not as Nature makes them, but as she intends them."

BURYING the mind under a heap of ready-make generalizations may give a conceit of knowledge and make a first-class sciolist, but it can never give the "power" promised in the aphorism, as the equivalent of "knowledge." When Montaigne said he would rather forge his mind than furnish it, he suggested the two principles of education. The problem is not to fill the mind from without, but to give the most efficient aid to its efforts from within.

THE spirit of historical criticism in the present age is, on the whole, a charitable spirit. Many public characters have been heard through their advocates at the bar of history, and their judgment long since passed upon them and their deeds, and deferentially accepted for centuries, have been set aside, and those of a widely different character pronounced. Nothing is so easy as to condemn the past, except the misjudging of the present, and the failure to comprehend the future.

THERE is no portion of the human body that comes in for so much daily abuse as the nerves. Not only are the nerves made accountable for their own peculiar foibles, but to them are attributed all the shortcomings of the corporeal system. What is called the tactious, vacillating, aimless man is in reality the man without nerve. It is, after all, the nervous man who thinks, invents and builds, writes books, fights battles, and, by the free exercise of his powers, creates those comforts and blessings which are grumblingly enjoyed by the man without nerve.

ENGLISH literature numbers among its more or less distinguished authors a goodly number of physicians, Sir Thomas Browne was perhaps the last of the great writers of English prose whose mind and style were impregnated with imagination. Garth, who wrote the "Dispensary;" Armstrong, the author of "Health:" Arbuthnot, a genial humorist, and creator of "The Memoirs of Scribleros;" Smollett, Dr. Goldsmith, Keats, and Shelley, too, who studied medicine with a view of benefitting the poor thereby; and last, but not least, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes.

A LEIPSIC paper records a number of superstitions of artists, some of which are very curious. Titiens, for instance, believed that the person would speedily die who shook hands with her over the threshold at parting. Rachel and Mars thought they gained their greatest successes immediately after they met a funeral. Bellini would not permit a new work to be brought out if on the day announced he was first greeted by a man, and "La Sonnambula" was several times thus postponed. Meyerbeer regularly washed his hands before beginning an overture, and a living noted tragedienne never plays unless she has a white mouse in her bosom.

ALL men have at length discovered that the history of mankind means something, and are naturally intent on learning *what* it means. No one now regards it as a mere demon's phantasmagoria, significant of nothing but Adam's sin in Paradise. However differing on other points, we all now perceive that the history of the mind of man is a more interior history of the universe; that it must be studied in the most earnest and reverential spirit of science; that what astronomy seeks to do in the heavens, and geology on the earth, must be done in the realms of mind itself, and that till we have found our Copernicus and Newton of the human soul, modern science lingers in the porch, and does not find access to the temple.

AN example of a very antique real estate transaction comes to us from Babylon, in the reign of Darius Hystaspes and that of Nebuchadnezzar. In the British museum they have the actual deeds for the sales of estates near Babylon, with neatly drawn plans of the property. The deeds are executed upon terra cotta. The names and owners of all the adjacent lands are given, and the greatest care is taken in giving the dimensions of plots of land. The whole is divided into three pairs of parallelograms, and check dimensions are taken to test the accuracy of the work. A semi-circular portion on the last side is carefully measured, both radius and circumference being given. The value of these documents as bases by which to fix both the linear and area measures in use in Babylon, is very great.

ONE of the fine paintings at the French show, by Munkaczy, a Pole, took the Medal of Honor. It is called Milton Dictating Paradise Lost to his Daughter, and has been purchased by an American, of New York. Milton, his head sunk on his breast, sits in a large arm-chair beside the table, facing the spectator. His sightless eyes are fixed in a vague and stony gaze. One hand clutches, mechanically, the arm of the chair, while the other is thrust into his breast. Evidently he has paused in his work of dictation, absorbed in the vision of supernatural glories which his mind's eye is contemplating. His young amanuensis, a lovely and golden-haired girl, sits with uplifted pen awaiting the wondrous words. Another looks up from her embroidery, interested in the majestic narrative uttered by the blind singer, while a third fair daughter in the background looks sympathizingly upon her father. The picture is of large size, and both in conception and execution is the masterpiece of the painter.

A NEW art—that is, newly developed into its present importance and fashionable adoption—is that of the Lambeth pottery. It is really beyond knick-knackery, as is also the terra-cotta work done at Stamford in Nottinghamshire, and the English china, which is rapidly taking as high a place as the German and French. It is only with reference to the many little uses this art-pottery is put to that it falls legitimately within the scope of any paper upon the subject. There have been potteries at Lambeth for two hundred years, for in the middle of the seventeenth century a company of Dutch potters settled there and introduced the manufacture of pots and tiles. The delft and stoneware that issued from these workshops was of the plainest, most puritan-like simplicity and rigidity of style. But besides these stoneware articles, which show only the application of art to the original material and method of the Lambeth ware, and a demand for drain pipes, seltzer bottles, chemical apparatus, etc., there has grown up a new branch of industry in the shape of Lambeth faience—a convenient and comprehensive name for all earthernware that is neither stone nor porcelain, a manufacture of a very fine kind of earthernware, admitting of most exquisite surface decorations, as well as the freest adaptation of form.

SONGS OF THE PEOPLE.

"Men of genius have devoted some of their hours, and even governments have occasionally assisted, to render the people happier by song and dance. The Grecians had songs appropriated to the various trades. Songs of this nature would shorten the manufacturer's tedious task work, and solace him in his solitary occupation. A beam of gay fancy kindling his mind, a playful change of measure delighting his ear, even a moralizing verse to cherish his better feelings—these, ingeniously adapted to each profession, and some to the display of patriotic character and national wants, would contribute something to public happiness."

Thus wrote Isaac Disraeli, father of the present Prime Minister of England.

This topic—trade songs, or songs of the people—is an interesting one. It denotes a human want, a yearning, a desire to pour forth the thoughts or feelings in a gush of song—not very poetical, perhaps, but sufficient for the natures to which it applies.

None of the Greek trade songs have been handed down in their original form, but the writer Athenæus speaks of a song for the corn grinders, another for the workers in wood, another for the weavers; and the reapers, the ox drivers, the kneaders of bread, the bathers, the galley rowers, all had in like manner their characteristic songs.

The gondoliers of Venice while away their long midnight hours on the water with the stanzas of Tasso; fragments of Homer are sung by the Greek sailors of the Archipelago; the severe labor of the trackers in China is accompanied with a song, which encourages their exertions and renders these simultaneous. The canoemen on the Gold Coast, in a very dangerous passage on the bank of a high curling wave, paddling with all their might, sing, or rather shout their wild song. Sailors in heaving their anchors have their "Heave and ho, rum below!" The roustabouts on the Mississippi steamers sing at their toil, and the same may be said of the negroes of the South in the cotton fields. The Sicilian mariners have their beautiful hymn to the Virgin. A society instituted in Holland for general good, do not consider among their least useful projects that of having printed at a low price a volume of songs for sailors. The Helvetic Society requested Lavater to compose Swiss songs, which are now sung by the youths in many of the cantons, and various Swiss poets have successfully composed on national subjects associated with their best feelings. In such paternal governments as was that of Florence under the Medici, we find that songs and dances for the people engaged the muse of Lorenzo Medici, who condescended to delight them with pleasant songs composed in popular language. The example of such a character was followed by other men of genius of the age.

Many old English songs are now lost. They were either not printed at all, or were printed as broadsheets, pasted or posted on cottage walls and there left to decay. Some in the time of the later Tudors and early Stuarts were gradually collected in small books called garlands. In England, as in most other countries, the people had popular songs before they had books, songs which were transmitted orally from one generation to another; but it is certain that we now possess comparatively few of these, often fancifully characteristic of the feelings and habits of the people. Very curious collections of ballads have been made, and when the country was marked by any peculiar industry, or natural productions, these found mention in many of the ballads.

In times when so many occupations were carried on in the open air, and when people went to bed at an hour singularly different from that which we now adopt, ballads and chorusses were much in favor as an accompaniment to the outdoor labors, or as depicting some of the joys or some of the dangers incident to them. Sailors' songs are very numerous; and it is pleasant to know that the English poet Dibdin is credited, on good grounds, with having rendered excellent service in his compositions of this class. The roughness and occasional indecorum of sea songs in earlier times are apparent enough; but Dibdin had the merit of retaining the sound substratum while discarding the objectionable accessories.

Sea-going people and river-going people, besides actual ocean-going sailors, have their songs likewise. There are boatmen's songs in plenty on our rivers and coasts, often well fitted to mark the rhythm or time of the rowers, as the gondoliers do at Venice. Fishermen have, in like manner as others, their songs.

As to the goodly company of anglers, who can fail to know that the gentle craft has been made the frequent theme of lyrical illustration? It is said that the fishing tackle makers in the first half of the seventeenth century wrote or obtained anglers' songs, copies of which they supplied to their clients to sing at the riverside and lakeside hostelries after their day's recreation. One of these effusions of whimsical character undertakes to show that physicians, divines, lawyers, politicians, manufacturers, shopkeepers, etc., are all anglers in their several ways—if they do not catch fish, they strive to catch something else.

Hunting songs are abundant, generally concluding with something of a Tantivy or Tally ho as a chorus. The songs of the husbandman or laborer have in all time occupied a place among ballad compositions. The carter or carman, too, in country districts is a famous singer or whistler. The Carman's Whistle was known as a song as far back as the days of Queen Bess. Postboys are the theme of many a song; but as the song generally relates to drinking, they are not very commendable.

In Queen Elizabeth's time maidens sang while employed in spinning, milking, knitting, lace making and other feminine occupations. Shakspeare speaks of the plain old songs sung by

The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids that weave their threads with bones.

The knitters in Wensleydale, England, have a song so old that it must have come down from the Norse or Danish days. It is little more than a process of counting up to twenty, to keep time with the knitting needle, but the words are almost unintelligible to modern readers. The lace makers of the south midland counties of the same land have many songs among them—rather, we imagine, to relieve the monotony of the work than for the sake of the words. The dames' schools, at which children are taught lace work, have their simple songs—useful perhaps in keeping the little folks regular in timing their work.

As to Mayday songs, who can count them? They, or something equivalent to them, have been in favor among most nations and during long ranges of centuries. They either usher in the spring, or celebrate the bursting forth of vegetable life under the increasing influence of the sun's genial rays. It is only incidentally that milkmaids became associated with the festival in England. The children in many country villages still go about with their garlands, singing some such words as

Round the maypole, trit, trit, trot;
See what a maypole we have got!

Smugglers are favorites with song-writers. Indeed, a little bit of illegality seems to give a romantic touch which is rather relished than otherwise.

Beggars in the olden time had their characteristic songs, couched in cant language very little known to the rest of the world. Some of these are traceable three or four centuries.

Reapers' songs are illustrated by what Dr. Johnson says of the West Highlanders: "The strokes of the sickle were timed by the modulation of the harvest song, in which all their voices were heard. They accompany every action which can be done in equal time with an appropriate strain, which has, they say, not much meaning, but its effects are regularity and cheerfulness." Vine dressers' songs are numerous in France. There men and women, baskets on arm, assemble at the foot of a slope. They stop, arrange themselves in a circle, and the chief or leader tunes up a joyous song, the burthen of which is sung by all in chorus. They then go up into the vineyard, begin their work, and frequently sing couplets. At nightfall they assemble and sing again, at the close of their labors. There is something in the bright cheerliness of French and Italian skies that invites the jocund song as an accompaniment of outdoor avocations.

Tinkers, carters, blacksmiths, etc., are constantly mentioned in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and by many writers, as singing music in parts. Perhaps the form of catch or round was most generally in favor, because, as each would sing the same words, there would be but one part to remember. The roundelay was mostly spoken of as merry, and was evidently of a cheerful character. Barbers, smiths, clothworkers, cobblers, tinkers, and tailors, were included among these rough and ready minstrels.

The Mercers' Company of the City of London used, some generations ago, to sing a song at their festive meetings in praise of their own guild. But we may well doubt if this wealthy company, which boasts nobility if not royalty among its honorary members, would condescend to sing such a song now. Similarly, it is said that the Embroiderers' Company of the same city held one particular estate on condition of singing a particular song after dinner on court days. A manuscript of the song was handed to the master, who sang it, all the other members joining in chorus.

The woolcombers, whose patron saint is St. Blaize, used to hold a festive meeting on their saint's natal day in many parts of England; bonfires were lighted at night on the hills, and figures of a bishop, his chaplain, shepherds, shepherdesses, etc., were displayed, and an old song chanted.

It is curious to notice in regard to tailors, that whether they have any characteristic songs among themselves or not, there is a multitude of songs satirically applied to the craft, such as The Prancing Tailor, who converts needle, bodkin and shears into very different implements. Cobblers' songs likewise were and are very numerous.

The ballast heavers in some parts of Cornwall, England, sing while loading vessels with ballast. The words are not of much consequence, but the rhythm of the tune is said to enable them to keep time, and to prevent anybody from being a laggard in his share of the labor. There is a papermakers' song extant in which the strange names given to sheets of paper of different sizes are wrought up into queer doggerel. The bagpipes were very popular in England in the time of Charles I., and the pipers were employed to cheer up and instil rhythmical regularity into various bodies of laborers. One relic of the period tells of payments "To workmen for making the streets even at the king's coming, eighteen shillings and four pence, and paid the piper for playing to the menders of the highways for five days, three shillings and fourpence."

If we were to include children's songs as another group, where should we end? To be a child, a boy, a girl, is not a trade occupation of course; but it is much more, in regard to the universality of many characteristics of juveniles. Creeds, politics, social position, become part of the mental stock of ideas by degrees; but before this period of life has commenced, or when it has advanced only a short way, children act very much alike in the general features of their character; and the thorough joyousness of their merry little songs is something delightful to see and hear. How delightedly they dance in a ring; how their bright faces beam with delight; how soon they learn to keep time and tune in the simple melodies, and rhythm in their intervals! As to the words, their very simplicity and merry nonsense tell in their favor—a touching type of little hearts that know no guile. What matters it if Here we go round the Mulberry Bush is sung without any bush at all? Or if This is the Way we Wash our Clothes is a bit of acted drama? Or if Hush-a-by Baby on a Tree-top is sung minus a baby? Or if We'll not Go Home before Morning is given as a version from which all the drinking sentiments of the original are expelled? All is innocent, all merry. And the best of it is that these pleasant bits of sing-song never, never die; there is a vitality about them which more pretentious compositions never possess. Ask the publishers of cheap children's books if their sale, and a very large one too, be not for the very same little songs which serve one generation after another. New ventures sometimes make their appearance, but their composition requires much tact and much knowledge of the characteristics of children. Yes, children's songs must certainly find a place in the subject of which we have been speaking.

The Origin of Phrases.

Slang seems to have acquired a certain sort of vulgar popularity, not only among the lower orders, but even in the higher ranks of our society. Try as we may to banish it from polite society and pretty mouths, it is a radical breed that defies proscription and seems to laugh at conventionality. If we regard grammar and style as representing the aristocracy of language, slang asserts itself as the necessary and important agent of a predominant proletariat that refuses to be ignored. It is a power, though a vulgar power, in speech.

"Fighting like Kilkenny cats" is a slang simile taken from a story that two cats once fought so ferociously in a sawpit that they left nothing behind but their tails—which story is an allegory, and supposed to represent two towns in Kilkenny, Ireland, that contended so stoutly about boundaries and rights to the end of the seventeenth century that they mutually impoverished each other.

How common is the expression, "Oh, she is down in the dumps"—that is, out of spirits. This is a very ancient slang phrase, and is supposed to be derived from Dumpos, king of Egypt, who built a pyramid and died of melancholy—so that the thieves and the gipsies are not all to blame for giving us a few expressive phrases.

"Draw it mild" and "Come it strong" have their origin in music, being the terms used by the leader of an orchestra when he wishes his violin players to play loud or gently. From this they have passed into synonyms for exaggerators and boasters, who are requested either to moderate their statements or astonish their audience.

The word "coach" in these days is a painfully familiar one, as parents know who are obliged to employ tutors to assist their sons to swallow the regulation amount of "cram" necessary for a competitive examination. The word is of university origin and can boast of a logical etymology. It is a pun on the term "getting on fast." To get on fast, you must take a coach; you cannot get on fast in learning without a private tutor—ergo, a private tutor is a coach. Another familiar word in university slang is "a regular brick"; that is, a jolly good fellow; and how the simile is logically deduced is amusing enough: "A brick is deep red, so a deep read man is a brick. To read like a brick is to read until you are deep read. A deep read man is in university phrase a good man; a good man is a jolly fellow with non reading men; ergo, a jolly fellow is a brick."

"I have a bone to pick with you" is a phrase that is uncomplimentary to the ladies at starting. It means, as is well known, having an unpleasant matter to settle with you; and this is the origin of the phrase: At the marriage banquets of the Sicilian poor, the bride's father, after the meal, used to hand the bridegroom a bone, saying, "Pick this bone, for you have taken in hand a much harder task."

"The gray mare is the better horse" comes well after the above aspersion upon the fair sex, to show that woman is paramount. The origin of this proverb was that a man wished to buy a horse, but his wife took a fancy to a gray mare, and so pertinaciously insisted that the gray mare was the better horse, that her husband was compelled to yield the matter. But then no doubt he saw that she was right in the end, and in all probability he may have afterward boasted of it as his selection.

"To be among the gods" at a theatre is a common phrase applied to those who are seated near the ceiling, which in most theatres is generally painted blue, to represent the sky, and inhabited by rosy-faced Cupids sitting on clouds.

The proverb, "Those who live in glass houses should not throw stones," dates back to the union of England and Scotland, at which time London was inundated with Scotchmen. This did not please the Duke of Buckingham, who organized a movement against them, and parties formed who went about nightly to break their windows. In retaliation, a party of Scotchmen smashed the windows of the Duke's mansion, which had so many windows that it went by the name of the Glass House. The Duke appealed to the king, who replied, "Steenie, Steenie, those who live in glass houses should be careful how they fling stanes."

"First catch your hare" is the result of a mistake. It was supposed to be in a cookery book written by a certain Mrs. Glasse, and was evidently caught hold of by some wag, who read it for "First scatch or scadge your hare"—that is, skin and trim it; or else, "First scotch your hare before you jug it"—that is, cut it into small pieces, as the sentence as it is now quoted is nowhere in the book. But the wag was a clever one who gave it the precautionary turn, as the saying has done good service in warning many to secure their prize before they plan how to dispose of it.

Another common expression is, "I was scared out of my seven senses." The origin of this goes very far back. According to ancient teaching, the soul of man, or "his inward body," was compounded of the seven properties which were under the influence of the seven planets. Fire animated, earth gave the sense of feeling, water gave speech, air gave taste, mist gave sight, flowers gave hearing, and the south wind smelling. Thus, the seven senses were animation, feeling, speech, taste, sight, hearing, smell.

It is interesting to notice how in the progress of time words become convertible; thus "baron" has for long years been held as a title of honor, while "slave applies to the lowest order of menials. Now the real meaning of baron is dolt, and it is derived from the Latin word *baro*, a thorough fool. It was a term applied to a serving soldier in the first instance; gradually it rose in estimation, and military chiefs were called barons; and finally lords appropriated the title, which is one of high distinction now. On the other hand, the word slave is derived from a Slavonic word *slav*, meaning illustrious, noble. But when the Slavs were conquered by the Romans, they were reduced by them to become hewers of wood and drawers of water. "Idiot" is another word that originally had a much more respectable meaning than the one it now bears. It was used to distinguish private people from those who held office or courted publicity in any way. Thus the great English author Taylor says: "Humility is a duty in great ones as well as in idiots" (or private persons.) The term became corrupted at last into a synonym for incompetency, owing to the inability of idiots or private persons to take office.

A "cub" is an ill-mannered lout that needs "licking into shape." The simile was taken from the cub of a bear, that is said to have no shape at all until it is licked into form by its dam.

Before lead pencils were common, chalk served the purpose of marking. Thus, "I beat him by long chalks" refers to the ancient custom of scoring merit marks in chalk. "Walk your chalks," or get out of the way, is a corruption of the expression, "Walk—your chalked." When lodgings were wanted in a town for the retinue of any royal personage, they were arbitrarily seized by the marshal and sergeant chamberlain; and the inhabitants were turned out and told to go, as their houses had been selected and were chalked. Hence the appropriateness of the peremptory dismissal, "Walk—you're chalked."

And now we come to a very pet word. What the ladies would do without it, is hard to say, it is such a safety-valve to the feelings in moments of irritation. We have heard some gentlemen declare that it was the ladies' way of swearing; but then there is nothing profane in the word "Bother!" It is a wholesome, blessed word, however it is used, as it allows of women being irritable without being very sinful. One looks out for its etymology with interest, and finds that it is of Hibernian origin, and capable of a soothing inflection, as when bother becomes botheration, which is a magnified form of bother, and suggests an ebullition of feeling that might be serious but for the relieving expletive. One authority suggests "both-ears" as the derivation of the word, and defends his guess by the remark that when two persons are talking at the same time, one on one side and one on the other, the person talked to is perplexed and annoyed. We quite believe him, and feel inclined from experience to adopt his view of the derivation.

We all know what "blarney" is—that soft sweet speech in which the sons and daughters of Erin excel; those sugared words that are so pleasant to the ear, though false to the heart. Such speech is well named blarney, and carries us back to the hero that made it a household word. He was one Macarthy, who held the castle of Blarney in Ireland in 1602, and concluded an armistice with Carew, the Lord President, on condition of surrendering the fort to the English garrison. Day after day his lordship looked for the fulfilment of the terms, but received nothing but protocols and soft speeches, until he became the laughing stock of Elizabeth's ministers and the dupe of the lord of Blarney. The Blarney Stone is a triangular stone lowered from the castle about twenty feet from the top. Whoever kisses this stone is supposed to be endowed with irresistible powers of persuasion.

An eminent physiologist says the road to muscular development is easy. He who wants but little strength need do but little work, but he that wishes great strength must do great work. If he has not perseverance, he will not get far. If he has, he can, especially with an eager companion, in an hour's work a day, aimed especially at his weaker spots, render himself a thoroughly well-built man by 1880. The rules are as simple as are those of any mechanic art. No expensive tools are required. The methods are portable, as a man traveling, for instance, can work as well in a hotel room as at home, can find a floor and a pair of chairs, and indoors he scarcely needs more, while out of doors there is always the road. Many moderate efforts at plain and simple work, instead of the often dangerous and generally useless pranks of fancy gymnastics, or the risk of overdoing in hard racing of any sort—these are all that are required. But a few minutes daily at any muscles is all one will want, or at first should take. But he must be frank with himself, and resolutely attack the weaker muscles, letting the others rest till they catch up.

The best proof of family virtue is a happy fireside.

PAST AND PRESENT.

Ah, well! ah, well! what matters it now?
'Tis all the same to you and to me;
For neither gives a moment, I trow,
To the memory of what used to be.

We pass each other upon the stair,
We meet at night in the crowded hall;
A careless nod or a smile is there,
A touch of the hand—and that is all!

Yes, that is all! it has ended thus—
The story whispered by passionate lips,
Ere the glory that beautified life for us
Sank in the shadow of Time's eclipse.

Ah, well! man's heart is fickle, I know,
And woman's will wander; it is not strange;
Night must follow the sun's hot glow,
And the story of earth is change—still change.

So we meet on the stair and we meet in the hall,
Nor vainly sigh over fate's decree;
And a failing memory, that is all,
Now pictures the past to you and me.

CASQUE AND GLOVE

By Halo Lewison.

CHAPTER XIX.—[CONTINUED.]

THE BASS LAKE MYSTERY.

Hombert gazed, wondering, from his seat at the head of the bed, out of Nell's sight. He realized for the first time that the mysterious undercurrent in the affairs of men—by some called chance, by others fate—was at last setting in his favor, and changing, in the twinkling of an eye, as it were, relations which had seemed most firmly fixed and unassailable. So runs this invisible, irresistible influence. To-morrow, in very weariness making no effort, achievements shall drop ready-made into his hand, and the indifferent and inimical shall turn to help him.

Nell held her child so closely and so long that it was awed into quietness. But at last the mother spoke, addressing Mrs. Gardnill:

"When can I see John once more, mother?" she began; but then stopped, and asked anxiously: "He will see me once again, won't he?"

The watchful doctor, by a look, told them not to surprise her then by revealing Hombert's presence. Having administered thus with his own hand, the doctor retired to a corner and busied himself with a newspaper. But first he waved the woman of the house and the old man out of the room, leaving Nell, with Elsie in her arms, to talk to Mrs. Gardnill. Hombert sitting breathless at the head of the bed, and out of Nell's range of vision.

"He will see you always, I hope, Nell, when you are recovered," Mrs. Gardnill answered her.

"No—I do not hope for that," said Nell, wearily. "You do not know—you cannot know—but I do not hope to be to him as I was. Poor John! So patient with me—so forbearing when I was so wicked—wicked—wicked to him!"

The doctor caught Hombert's eye here just in time to prevent, by an authoritative look which could not be disregarded, a sudden disclosure of "Poor John's" presence.

Nell went on, with more eagerness:

"If I get well enough to go to him, mother, I should so like to give him Elsie with my own hands. It is not much to ask, but yet I feel so weak—so weak—that I fear it will be denied me. If it is, mother, you must take her to him, with my love—my love, which has never altered for a day, nor an hour, and which made me mad to leave him so."

Great tears were trickling down Hombert's cheeks, but he suffered no breath to escape him.

"Will you remember my message, mother?" Nell asked.

"Every word, my child," she said, "as far as I can."

"You must. It may comfort him to know that I was not so bad as I seemed—that my love for him, and fear of losing him, drove me to what I did. Do you remember the day you first found me crying after I had been to Bass Lake with Elsie?"

"I remember it perfectly, Nell."

"A terrible thing happened me that day. I was holding Elsie over the bank of a deep pool, looking at our faces in the water, when all at once down in the water beside ours there was another face. I never can forget it—that dark, hateful face, with its doubting, distrustful black eyes that seemed to fill me with fears and doubts! I looked up with a great start, and there was Leela on the other side of the pool. I had almost forgotten her—I had quite forgotten the hard, bitter things she used to tell me of Jacob and Leah, and men's heartlessness. But it all came back in a moment.——Mother, did you ever hear that father was married before—to an Indian wife?"

"I knew it had been said so," answered Mrs. Gardnill, her heart sinking.

"Leela told me that. And that the other was living when—when I was born. It was this that drove me mad. She said it would soon be proved in court, and everybody know it. I would not have believed that John could ever forsake me for my infirmity—it was almost gone, you know; I was so well and strong; I could carry Elsie a mile without stopping; I was trying so hard to be quite well. No—he would never have left me as Jacob turned from Leah. But that terrible story of father's Indian wife—why, it made me, the mother of John's child, a—I cannot say it!"

Mrs. Gardnill was sobbing. The terrible story had not yet lost its terrors for her.

Nell went on:

"That made me listen to Leela, and filled me with terrible fears. Even John could not overlook that, for men are more jealous than women of such things. I could not keep away from the lake then, though I saw Leela every time I went, and hated her for the doubts she put in my heart. Do you remember when John proposed to take me East?"

"Yes—I advised him."

"I told Leela of it. She said it was to get Elsie away where I was not known, so he could take her and disown me. How wicked to believe such things of John; but I loved him so, and feared so much! Every time I saw her, Leela wanted me to go with her—not stay to be deserted when the Indian wife was proved. But that I could not do. Then she wanted to take Elsie and keep her safe for me. I listened to her—I refused, but I did not watch Elsie. I staid away from the lake for a week, and she feared to lose her influence over me, and so stole Elsie to make me follow, believing me half willing. It was all my fault—it was all my love and fear!"

The doctor, busy with his newspaper in the corner, must have possessed himself of every scrap of information it contained, if he paid half as much attention to that as he did to keeping Hombert quiet by many a warning look. It was a rare and solemn thing that was going on—the opening of a wife's inmost heart.

Nell continued her revelation:

"Even when John spoke kindly to me, saying I was ill and changed, I could but remember what Leela had said—he would grow dissatisfied with me. I knew it was true as he said, but I could not bear that he should seem to confirm her words."

Ah! how clearly Hombert saw now what he could not discover before—that even loving solicitude, by dwelling upon infirmities, may wound a woman who has staked more than life upon the effort to be everything to the man she loves!

"You must remember this," Nell went on; "for he thought me hard and thankless, not understanding me.——Has John told you what he found out by the papers grandma gave him, mother?"

"No, only what you heard him say at home."

"You do not know yet?"

"No."

"Then I will not tell. But I saw the papers. I went to his desk at night, and read them. He woke and heard me, but did not know what I did. I saw there what he was going to do for you, and for me—for me, his wretched, wretched wife who had listened to what Leela said against him! It was I that spoiled his home—it was through me that Elsie was stolen! It would kill me if I could make no reparation, when he was about to do this great thing for us! I could not offer him myself again; I was not worthy—I was not worthy! But I might give him back Elsie. On that Friday night—how long ago it seems!—when he came home and said he should do something important next week, I knew what he meant. All that night I thought of it, and next morning, very early, I started to find his child for him, or die. Thank God! I have her here, for him—for him—for him!"

Nell clasped the wondering little one, who had been lying very still with eyes wide open, to her breast in a burst of intense passion; but——

"And thank God! I have you both, never to let you go again!"

This was from Hombert, utterly uncontrollable now, defying the doctor's pantomime, and rushing from his seat to fold his arms tight about wife and child.

No more to separate! No more to misconceive and blindly suffer.

CHAPTER XX.

A STORY OF TWO BROTHERS.

The surprise of Nell when she found herself suddenly in the close embrace of her husband after he had heard her terrible confession of her faults, was indeed a great one. Indeed, it utterly overcame her for a time; but the emotion excited was not of a kind to give the physician alarm after he had carefully observed her for a moment or two. On the contrary, Nell settled speedily into a frame of mind most favorable to her recovery, though she was still so weak that the doctor deemed it prudent to forbid her to talk more until she had slept.

To her and to Hombert the mystery of the alleged Indian marriage, which had so long hung over the family as a terrible menace, was a mystery no longer. By surreptitious examination of her husband's papers, Nell had discovered what he knew about that matter.

It was clearly now the right of Mrs. Gardnill to be thoroughly informed upon this subject. Hombert, indeed, was quite ready to perform this duty, and when he heard his wife declare her knowledge, he resolved that he would reveal all to her mother the moment they were able to reach their home.

But in various ways, though not by direct speech, Mrs. Gardnill betrayed the distress and anxiety which were newly-aroused in her mind by Nell's reference to the secret. Thereupon Hombert determined that he would not wait until their return home, but would relieve the lady's mind the instant an opportunity presented itself.

But it was decreed that when this revelation was made, there should be a larger audience than was at Hoover's place when Hombert discovered himself to his wife. How the accessions came to be made, may be briefly told, thus:

With very great difficulty, because of the snow, Mrs. Jeek made her way, under escort, from the settler's cabin where Nell had left her, to the place where her horse and carriage had been left. This was on the day after Nell's flight, or on the day when Hombert, having found his wife and child at Hoover's, dispatched the constable for Mrs. Gardnill, by way of Millfield. The constable and Mrs. Jeek reached Millfield that night on the same train, but, as they knew nothing of each other, neither was the wiser for the railway companionship.

Arrived at Millfield, they went their different ways, the constable to deliver his message to Hombert's lawyer, and then to hasten on to fetch Mrs. Gardnill to her daughter's bedside.

Mrs. Jeek went straight to her sister, Mrs. Morrick. The former was still oppressed by a vague foreboding of calamity—more deeply affected in this way, indeed, than when the feeling first came upon her at the lonely settler's. To Mrs. Morrick she communicated her news: Hombert's wife had run off into the woods on the very eve of the great storm, and must have died there. It was all on account of the stolen child—the mother was crazy to find it. Some horrible misfortune would yet befall them all, Mrs. Jeek prophesied, because of that child. In fact, she believed that something dreadful had already happened, and that they would soon hear of it.

Mrs. Morrick, the perfect reflector, reflected Mrs. Jeek's dismal feelings to Mr. Morrick when that gentleman came home. Morrick had been downhearted enough since the warrant for conspiracy was served upon him. He now told Mrs. Jeek that doubtless his arrest was the calamity of which she had forebodings. Mrs. Morrick had forgotten to mention the arrest to her sister; but indeed it did not seem to matter, for Mrs. Jeek positively refused to accept Morrick's unfortunate complication in the way he urged. In fact, the lawyer's wife hinted something a thousand times worse would yet come of the child's abduction, in which, she said they were all more or less directly mixed up. A death at least—the death of Hombert's wife, she greatly feared—would make it a much more serious matter than the mere taking of a child.

Dismal Morrick was made so much more dismal by this, that he consulted Forseth, who chanced to be in his house still, as to a way of getting out of the difficulty. Forseth told him to go to Hombert's lawyer, make a clean breast, and offer to aid in any possible way in the recovery of the lost child.

Morrick hesitated at this—it was so unlike taking anybody, even the child—by the hand. He took a little time to think of it; but finally, overcome by his own downheartedness and Mrs. Jeek's continual forebodings, he went to the old lawyer.

There he learned the astonishing news brought by the constable—that Hombert's wife and child were found, and were at Hoover's place—the former in an exceedingly precarious condition. It was a very serious business, the old lawyer said.

Morrick did not think so; it was a very comfortable business, in his opinion.

"Well, as the child is found, that lets me out of that ridiculous conspiracy to steal it, I suppose?" Morrick said.

"Really, I can't say," was the old lawyer's answer.

"Why, you said he had the child."

"I simply said I was informed that he had it."

"And you can't say that this outrageous prosecution against me will be stopped?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Suppose one consequence of your alleged conspiracy should be the death of the mother from her efforts to recover the child?"

"Why, you don't—you don't mean to tell me I am liable to be prosecuted for—for murder?"

"I don't mean to tell you anything, Mr. Morrick. Considering your liability in this matter, you had better consult your own lawyer."

Morrick was aghast at this. He left the lawyer, and went home with his news—resolving, on the way, that thereafter he wouldn't even take Mrs. Morrick by the hand without special security.

Forseth was again consulted.

"Of course, under the new developments, you could not expect the lawyer to say anything else," Forseth declared, coolly.

"But what am I to do?" gasped Morrick.

"If I were in your place—that is, if I had been fool enough to burn my fingers trying to pull somebody's chestnuts out of the fire—I would go at once to Mr. Hombert. If his wife is dangerously ill, it is not a very good time to negotiate for release from this prosecution. But then again, if she is in danger, it is a first rate time to show, by your sympathy and offers of aid, that you abhor the infamous wrong that was the means of bringing her where she is."

All this came to Mrs. Jeek's ears. The news that Nell was found alive, so far from relieving her, seemed to increase the vague dread which had settled upon her. At once she was possessed of a violent desire to see the mother and child—to go to Hoover's. Therefore she urged Morrick to take Forseth's advice, and declared she would go with him if he did.

With a positive and a negative person before her, Mrs. Morrick would always reflect the former. Mrs. Jeek was positive now; Morrick was a mere negative, hesitating. Mrs. Morrick reflected Mrs. Jeek, and Morrick was overborne.

He started with Mrs. Jeek by the first train. They were to go to the station nearest Hoover's that night, and get on early next morning as best they could.

Among the passengers on the train was Hombert's counsel. Morrick saluted him in an absent-minded and distant way, as one who had treated him with too little consideration. The old lawyer bore this with admirable fortitude.

He, too, was on the way to Hoover's. Some news concerning the Rollick inheritance had just been received, and this it was desirable to communicate at once if there was danger of the death of Hombert's wife, as the constable's message had led the lawyer to believe.

Morrick imagined everything but this as the cause of the old lawyer's trip, and made himself thoroughly uncomfortable with his ill-feeling.

So the three accessories to the party at Hoover's made their progress toward that place.

For various reasons, Hombert desired that his wife should hear the revelation concerning the Indian marriage claim which he was to make to Mrs. Gardnill. No opportunity for this occurred on the day when he took Nell to his arms after her confession. The doctor's orders were that she should not be excited, and, indeed, she passed much of the time in quiet sleep. She was completely at ease now, and recuperating fast. Thus the matter went over, and the forenoon of the next day was well spent before a fitting time seemed at hand.

But then came the unexpected visitors—Hombert's counsel, Mrs. Jeek, and Morrick. Despite his feeling, the latter had made common cause with the old lawyer, in procuring the stoutest team to be had for the journey from the railway to Hoover's, for the road was not yet broken, though it was the third day after the storm.

Hombert was surprised by the arrivals. Morrick lost no time in entering a private and earnest protest of sympathy, and willingness to aid in any way. Hombert received this graciously, and at once eased Morrick's mind of all fears. The latter then became really demonstrative in his good will. He had been most thoroughly frightened, and could afford a little profuseness of words.

As for the old lawyer's business, that was soon made known to Hombert. There was no such necessity as the lawyer had anticipated for making a communication to Nell, for she was plainly convalescent. But Hombert was tired of those family secrets, and much disposed to make an ending of them all at once, as he had become very anxious to relieve Mrs. Gardnill's long anxiety.

He consulted his lawyer about it, and met with no discouragement. Thereupon he resolved that it should be done, and in the presence of all the parties then assembled at Hoover's, since all there had been more or less concerned in the family troubles.

Thus the audience was composed of Nell and her mother, the old man Gardnill, Mrs. Jeek, and Morrick. The speakers were to be Hombert and his counsel, the latter to make known the latest developments with regard to the Rollick inheritance. He had been entrusted with this business only a few days, but when it was given him, Hombert had already pretty well prepared it.

Everything being in readiness—that is, the audience having gathered in a proper state of suspense—Hombert opened the proceedings.

"Will you be kind enough to state the facts concerning the will of Jasper Rollick, of Smokinton?" he asked of his counsel.

The old lawyer produced a capacious pocketbook, from which he took a paper covered with memoranda. Referring to this constantly, he said:

"It appears from the papers—duly attested copies of the originals—put into my hands by Mr. Hombert, that Jasper Rollick died at his home near Smokinton in December of 1849. He died possessed of property which consisted almost entirely of a small farm, then just beyond the limits of Smokinton. By his will, the widow (his second wife) was given the use of all the estate during her natural life; at her death it was to be shared equally, under certain conditions, by the testator's two sons by his first wife, and the five daughters of his second wife by a former husband. The conditions were applicable solely to William Rollick, and provided that if he should outlive the testator's widow, he should receive during his life only the income from his share of the estate; but if he died leaving children, then they were to inherit unconditionally, as all the other heirs did. If any of the heirs died, childless, before the partition of the estate at the death of the widow, their shares were to be divided equally among the surviving heirs."

"Please state how the estate was administered," said Hombert as the old lawyer paused.

"The widow died ten years after her husband's demise. At that time, one of the sons, William, and two of the daughters, were dead—all childless, it was assumed. The property was divided equally between the survivors, a son and three daughters. The son sold his share at once to the husband of one of the daughters, and thus extinguished his right."

"Will you tell us the present condition of the property?" Hombert asked.

"By the remarkable extension of the manufacturing industries of Smokinton," replied the old lawyer, "the property has become very valuable, especially within the last ten years. Upon it is now located one of the principal business streets of the city. Did you desire an estimate of its present value?"

"If you please."

"I am hardly prepared to give that. The counsel employed in Smokinton advises me that the entire property, with its improvements, is assessed at over four millions of dollars."

"If William Rollick, contrary to the assumption when the estate was divided, left an heir under the will, what would be the rights of that heir now?"

"Such an heir would unquestionably inherit one-fifth of the estate."

Over four millions of dollars as assessed! One-fifth of that! This was the splendid prize which Jeek was after!

They all saw this, and were breathless. But why did he follow Nell so desperately, refusing to give her up even after her marriage? Why did he not press the claim of the alleged Indian heir, of whom he had complete possession?

This, after all, was the grand mystery. An agonizing one it was to Mrs. Gardnill, whose suspense was such that she could scarcely command herself. But for the assurance given her by Nell's quiet face, she must have failed. Nell had seen her husband's papers; and Hombert too, who of course knew it all, was not in the least perturbed. They were, indeed, the only placid ones in the party, save the lawyer. The old man Gardnill was plainly agitated—he was thinking of the mystery, wishing for, yet dreading, the unfolding. Mrs. Jeek and Morrick were busy with it also, but their interest was largely engaged by the magnitude of the inheritance at stake. With the others, the painful suspense in regard to the alleged Indian marriage crowded all else out of mind.

It was the part of Hombert now to unravel the grand mystery. He addressed himself to Mrs. Gardnill:

"When your mother died, as you well remember, she confided to me a packet of papers in trust. Had she known what you and I knew of the claim of a prior marriage of your first husband, she would have disclosed these papers long before. But I am sure that we acted, as we thought, for the best in keeping from her that painful knowledge. I found the allegations in those papers to be very extraordinary, and of vital importance, if they could be proved at this time. Fortunately, there are living witnesses, some of them named in the papers, who will, my counsel assures me, abundantly substantiate all the allegations. There is a statement in the handwriting of William Rollick, embodying all the facts; but I prefer not to read this, because there are expressions in it which were intended only for the eye of his wife, into whose hands I shall very soon deliver it."

Every one felt that it was a solemn moment. Mrs. Gardnill's face was buried in the covers of Nell's bed, and she made no sound.

Hombert continued:

"I will give the facts briefly, as I have found them by the aid of the papers mentioned:

"William Rollick was the elder brother, Henry the younger. Henry had incurred his father's displeasure so frequently that his mother, on her deathbed, fearing for his treatment and welfare when she was gone, made William promise to stand between Henry and his father always.

"Soon after the mother's death, Henry left home and went to the northwestern frontier, as this country was then. Bad accounts came back from him, and William followed to reclaim his brother, or at least to watch over him, as he had promised his mother. Henry resented his coming, and, ailing to drive him away, threatened to make his father peremptorily recall him.

"Among Henry's wild acts was a marriage, after the Indian fashion, with the daughter of a chief named Pierot. With this woman, and with her people, Henry passed himself as William Rollick, and sent home word that William had taken a squaw. Some of the whites at the settlement, even, failed to distinguish between the brothers, and the Indian woman was sometimes called 'Bill Rollick's squaw.' This Henry encouraged.

"The father was much incensed by the false reports he got concerning William. The latter knew this, but chose to bear the displeasure rather than denounce his brother. This was out of regard for the promise to his mother. The same influence led William to forbear righting himself among the settlers when his name was coupled with his brother's reckless acts.

"At length Henry tired of the free life of the frontier, and went back home, leaving his Indian wife and a child, a half-breed of course. William, because of the disfavor he was in with his father, and still choosing not to right himself at his brother's cost, did not go home, but went back to the older settlements. There he married this lady."

Here Hombert pointed to Mrs. Gardnill, who began to sob violently notwithstanding Nell's soothing. Now that the old, old mystery was explained—that dreadful thing which had so tortured and menaced her—she could weep. Tears of relief, tears of thankfulness that the husband of her youth was vindicated, tears of joy on her child's account. What floodgates were opened here!

But Hombert went on quickly:

"William Rollick was never restored to his father's favor, as the will which has been explained here shows. Of course William knew nothing of the will; but after he was married, misgivings came to him concerning the possible effect of the false reputation he had borne for his brother's sake. Then he put some proofs on paper, and confided them to his wife's mother, not to be used but in case of necessity. That lady was never told that the wrong which Henry Rollick put upon his brother had been revived, and that Henry's Indian marriage was put forward to rob William's heir of her inheritance and her fair paternity.

"Why William's child and lawful heir—my dear wife now—was ignored in the distribution of Jasper Rollick's estate, I cannot tell; but perhaps the family ill feeling accounts for it."

"No," said Mrs. Gardnill—"no; let me tell the truth. I never held any communication with his family; but after he and his father died within the same week, inquiry was made from Smokinton if William left any children. I did not know the purpose of the inquiry, and answered that he did not—for Nell was born six months after her father's death, and the inquiry came within a week after he was buried."

It was all out now. And not the least of the revelations was that of Jeek's reckless rascality. Going as deep into the case as he did, it was impossible that he should not know the story of the two brothers, as Hombert had told it. Knowing this, he strove again and again to get control of Nell; but always held Leela in reserve, and was ready to put in her claim, basing it on the false reputation William Rollick had borne. Jeek was the originator of this claim, for Leela knew nothing of it until the lawyer sought her out as the child of Henry Rollick who had passed as William's child.

The old man Gardnill had been sitting as if in a stupor during these unravelings. He at least fully realized the depth of the infamy by which he had been made the tool of the lawyer. He had been nearly crazed by Jeek's menace of his boy's lawful parentage, even when he believed the menace could be supported by facts. Now he saw that it was all false!

Slowly the old man raised himself from his seat, passing one hand across his brow as if by a great effort to clear and calm his mind.

"I beg the pardon of all—but let me speak and go," he said, and then turned and addressed Mrs. Gardnill: "Madam, I was ready to sacrifice you and your daughter, or do anything else, to save my boy's—our boy's—lawful parentage by hushing up that Indian claim. I believed the Indian marriage story against your former husband—such things have been—and I would even cheat your girl of her inheritance and give it to Jeek, to prevent its being proved. I was influenced sometimes by baser motives, but it was the terrible threat against my boy's memory that always finally bound me to the villain Jeek! I shall trouble no one again—no one unless it be Jeek! My curses on the villain Jeek!"

This burst of righteous wrath made the wreck of Gardnill almost majestic. All that was left of good in him was on the surface here. He raised his hands as if to implore heaven's vengeance on the man he denounced, and tottered toward the outer door.

But while Gardnill was speaking, a man had softly opened the door of the rear room and looked in, beckoning to Hombert. The latter went to the man at the door, received a whispered communication, and turned again into the room.

There was that in his face which instantly fixed the attention of all. Something deeper than astonishment—something like consternation without fear, or the awe of one who looks upon a dread power which is turned not upon him, but against his enemies—this was what they saw in Hombert's face.

It was at the instant when the old man uttered his imprecation: "My curses on the villain Jeek!"

"Hush!" cried Hombert, in a tone that startled them all—it was so full of what was in his face—"Hush! this is no time for that!"

Every one understood that some appalling news had come, and they waited, breathless, to know what it was. Even the old man was awed to quietness, and stopped on his way to the door.

Upon Mrs. Jeek—distressed and shocked, of course, to hear her husband denounced, be it ever so justly—the dread news on Hombert's face came like a blow. All her forebodings crowded back at once. Whatever it was that she had feared, had come!

Hombert called his counsel and Mr. Morrick to go with him, and the three passed into the rear room.

"What has happened?" Nell asked under her breath.

But none of those present cared to trifle with the awful suspense by answering her with a guess.

The unknown terror reigned supreme.

* * * * * *

The man who first saw what had caused the commotion at Hoover's, was nearly deprived of his senses by terror and fright. He was making his way to Hoover's, and lost no time in getting there to tell the news.

Three or four men were started out, and in time returned with two burdens, dug out from the snow near the river, on the opposite side from Hoover's. A man and a woman, stiff as the icicles, cold as the snow that was beaten into their faces and their clothing. The man in a sitting posture, the woman standing, banked in on all sides by the white drifts.

Janus Jeek and the half-breed Leela! Frozen in their tracks—not consciously meeting their death, of course; for death in this form comes stealthily, and with easy desire for sleep. But the lawyer's fear held him to the spot, and the relentless woman would not loose her pray for an instant.

Thus the child of Henry Rollick blindly and savagely avenged the old wrong revived and sought to be put upon William Rollick's heir by the lawyer Jeek.

Morrick was called upon to break the news to Mrs. Jeek. That lady really shed more honest tears than one would have thought who did not consider how greatly she was changed by her late life. Not that she felt no relief from her thralldom; but she said simply:

"May God forgive him for all, as I do!" and wept afresh.

The best that can be said of any life is, that it affords the novelist no theme, for happy lives are not made up of such incidents as fit his use. And it is this best that must be said of the lives of Hombert and his household after the scenes just described. Thenceforth the lady's glove rested lightly on his casque. The inheritance left by old Jasper Rollick—rich as it was, and easily as it was now obtained for Nell—scarcely added, they imagined, to their happiness. But this was a mistake; no man is so happy that he can afford to be poor.

[THE END.]

COST OF TITLES.—Few Americans have any knowledge of what it costs to keep a great historical house and title. When Dr. Longley was Archbishop of Canterbury he was entitled to various livings whose yield was nearly £200,000 per annum, and yet such was the expense of the archiepiscopal position that he died in penury, and were it not that the queen secured the admission of his daughter to Hampton court, she would have been without a roof to her head. The Marquis of Bute has an income from his estate of £500,000 a year, but so much of this has to go back to keep up the estate that his actual net income is less than twelfth of this amount. In the case of the Duke of Chatworth two hundred servants sit down to his tables, and they in turn have each a servant to wait on them. The same thing prevails everywhere, and applies to the queen as to all others.

A CLOCK MADE OF BREAD.—There was recently received in Milans a great curiosity in the shape of a clock made entirely of bread. The maker is a Peruvian, a native Indian, and he has devoted three years of his life to the construction of this curiosity. He was very poor, and being without means to purchase the necessary metal, deprived himself regularly of a portion of his daily bread, which he devoted to the construction of this curiosity, eating the crust and saving the soft part for his work. He made use of certain salt to solidify his material, and when the various pieces were dry they were perfectly hard and insoluble to water. The clock is of respectable size, and goes perfectly well. The case, which is also of hardened bread, displays great talent, both in design and execution, and taken altogether it would be difficult to find a greater curiosity.

FACETIÆ

"Back talk"—Stop thief!

"A burial urn"—The undertaker's charges.

"A literary treat"—One journalist boring another.

"A tender thought"—Considering about popping the question.

Harvest generally is just beginning, and we may add that full crops of hair is still the fashion among comfort-seeking men.

Some people when they don't see what they want, ask for it. Tramps, however, see what they want, and take it along without asking.

There are only two species of dangerous snakes in the North. This, however, does not include those people sometimes find in their boots.

The theory that the sun is losing its heat, is no doubt true. But then, on the other hand, it would appear the earth is finding it all, and in a lump, too.

Daniel Webster said there is always "room at the top." This is also a leading tenet of the hotel-clerk's belief, and he generally tries to send you there.

It should not be forgotten that in the case of a lively conversationalist, wit, or scholar, there is no time so appropriate to "draw him out," as when he has fallen into a well.

There is terrible dissipation in New York. Some of the young men there go to three balls in an evening. The balls are gilded and hung up in the front of their "uncle's."

It is said the Esquimaux regard their perpetually frozen country as the most favored in the world. Looking at the matter coolly, just at present we are inclined to agree with them.

It would relieve considerable anxiety among mankind if it was only known with certainty whether or not the standard future punishment for profanity is equally operative during the fly season as at other times.

Sir Walter Raleigh went to the scaffold, and it is very probable that he did so with a bruver heart than the degenerate city knight of to-day with a limited purse and two girls with unlimited appetites, even enters an ice-cream saloon.

The Crown Princess of Denmark is over six feet high, and stout accordingly. There are reasons for supposing if she is married, her husband, when he goes out for an evening, is home again at both an early and correct hour.

No one ever saw a youngster's face and fingers after disposing of a more or less amount of confectionery, that he was not struck with the eternal fitness of things in having named the leading ingredient a "stick" of candy.

Scientists assert that the domestic hen sometimes lives twenty years. They acknowledge, however, that a good deal depends on the color of the population in the neighborhood. The preponderance of the African element materially reduces its chances of longevity.

If a man had a finger long enough to touch the sun, several years would pass before the sensation of burning reached the brain through the nerves. The difference between this and touching a circular saw in full motion, is that in the latter case you feel it right away.

Some men there are who would not hesitate to enter a powder magazine with a lighted pipe, and yet in inspecting the rear of a mule generally give him a wide berth. The moral of this fact is, that people very often are not so anxious to rise in the world as others may imagine.

It is only within the last fifty years that the piano has become nearly as common as open windows and muscular and enthusiastic girls. Suicide, and other evidences of a willingness to die on the part of man, has also, it is remarked, made an almost corresponding advancement.

The prevalent mode of sandpapered heads among boys is gradually changing the method of juvenile warfare. Time was when the victory all depended on who first got hold of the other fellow's hair. Now, however, it has become a question of the earliest mastication of ear.

There are young men who, imbued with the idea that they possess musical voices, go around the streets, and make night hideous with what they choose to call glees. It was after listening to them on several occasions that Puffendorf and other celebrated casuists, came to the conclusion that the number of cases where murder is justifiable and proper ought to be increased.

It is characteristic of living languages that they are constantly undergoing changes. One advantage of the dead tongues over them is that they are not subject to this law. In England the process of imitation is very evident. Thus the word "gone," when coupled with a man's name formerly usually signified his death, but since Chicago has come to have savings-banks, it generally means their presidents have skipped for Europe with the deposits.

This hint should not be lost on those who like to keep up appearances: If there is a pump around the corner, take the pitcher and bring it back filled with water, but just at the gate slip and accidentally pour it out, and the neighbors, who of course will be watching, will see that it's the real thing. Then by going around the corner again you may get it filled without bothering the pump, and you thus maintain your standing for temperance with the folks about, and satisfy an unconventional, but pressing thirst at the same time.

GIVE PROMPT ATTENTION and Treatment to all Affections of the Bowels, such as Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, etc., at this season of the year. By using Dr. Jayne's Carminative Balsam you will obtain immediate relief, and soon drive all such complaints from the system.

THREE KISSES OF FAREWELL.

Three, only three, my darling—
Separate, solemn, slow;
Not like the swift and joyous ones
We used to know,
When we kissed because we loved each other,
Simply to taste love's sweets,
And lavished our kisses as summer
Lavishes heats;
But as they kiss whose hearts are wrung
When hope and fear are spent,
And nothing is left to give, except
A sacrament.

First of the three, my darling,
Is sacred unto pain;
We have hurt each other often—
We shall again;
When we pine because we miss each other,
And do not understand
How the written words are so much colder
Than eye and hand,
I kiss thee, dear, for all such pain
Which we may give or take;
Buried, forgiven, before it comes,
For our love's sake.

The second kiss, my darling,
Is full of joy's sweet thrill;
We have blessed each other always—
We always will.
We shall reach until we feel each other
Past all of time and space;
We shall listen till we hear each other
In every place.
The earth is full of messengers
Which love sends to and fro;
I kiss thee, darling, for all joy
Which we shall know!

The last kiss, oh, my darling,
My love—I cannot see
Through my tears, as I remember
What it may be.
We may die and never see each other—
Die with no time to give
Any sign that our hearts are faithful
To die, as live.
Token of what they will not see
Who see our parting breath,
This one last kiss, my darling,
Seals the seal of death.

SWEET IS TRUE LOVE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MILDRED TREVANION," &c.

CHAPTER VII.

Nearly the whole of the stipulated fortnight passed away pleasantly and swiftly enough, enlivened by daily skirmishes with Mrs. Ruskin—the belligerent—in which Harriet always came off victorious, to the former's intense disgust, until at length she was finally defeated, and Lady Warrenne was looking quite strong and handsome again, while the baby had grown positively beautiful—in fact, the most beautiful baby in all the world—and knew its mamma perfectly. At least, so its mamma said, and of course nobody—not even Mrs. Ruskin, that most formidable personage—was rude enough to contradict her.

That Lady Warrenne was happy in her new-found treasure there could be little doubt—with the little one in her arms, she was a picture of mingled pride and intense gratification; yet there were times nevertheless when her eyes assumed their old, restless, unsatisfied expression, and when she would sit before the blazing fire dreaming for an hour together of far-off scenes, to the total forgetfulness of all surrounding objects.

These signs and tokens of a "mind diseased" were all carefully noted and marked down in her busy brain by Mrs. Charteris, and, oddly enough, were secretly exulted over by that unfeeling young woman in the privacy of her own apartment, besides being frequently the subject of numerous letters despatched to Charteris Park.

So things went on until Harriet's leave had almost expired, and she and Lady Warrenne were sitting one morning in the nursery, into which no less exalted a place than the handsomest boudoir in the establishment had been converted, the baby slumbering peacefully in its little cot close by. Katherine had fallen into one of her absent moods, and sat gazing with wistful eyes into the leaping fire, when she was startled by the touch of Harriet's hand, laid gently upon her knee.

"Katherine," said Mrs. Charteris, "why do not you say at once what it is you want, my dear?"

"Want!" Lady Warrenne repeated, a conscious flush overspreading her fair face. "Why, you are dreaming, Harriet! What can I possibly have to wish for? I want nothing;" and she glanced with nervous fondness towards the cradle.

"Yes, you do," returned Harriet bravely—"you want Mark—you want the best fellow that ever breathed—you want the father of your boy."

"Oh, no, no!" cried her poor little ladyship excitedly, bursting into tears and throwing her arms around Harriet's neck.

"But, oh, yes, yes!" that determined young diplomatist went on valiantly, resolved at all hazards to gain her point now that she had at last found opportunity of broaching the forbidden topic. "Why, Katherine, consider, my dear—what you are thinking of? The little one is a fortnight old to-day, and his own father has never even been told of his existence. Now is that right—is it kind? Putting every other consideration aside, how can you be so selfish as to keep that beautiful boy all to yourself, when you know Mark would be so proud of him, his dear little son?"

"I do not know anything of the kind," Katherine answered, drying her eyes, and making a laudable effort to appear dignified. "You do not understand, Harriet. He has never written so much as a line to me since he left, many months ago—there!—and—and I daresay has forgotten all about such a disagreeable, perverse little creature as I am, long, long before this."

"How can you talk such abominable nonsense," Mrs. Charteris broke in almost angrily, "when you know very well that he loves you this moment just as devotedly—I had nearly said foolishly—as ever he did? You could not expect him to write love-letters to a woman who let him see as you did—how little she cared for him. Come, be sensible, Katherine, and say at once that you are positively anxious to meet him again and make it all up as I am sure you must be dying to do, unless you are totally unworthy of the best husband that ever breathed—my own Charlie alone excepted. I wonder you are not longing to show him that perfect child."

"I do not believe he would care to see him one bit," Lady Warrenne declared obstinately, going over to the baby's cradle and kneeling down beside it. "In spite of all you say, Harriet, you know in your heart he ought to have written. Not that I care—do not think it—only—only" apostrophising the sleeping cherub—"you and I can never care to see those that do not care to see us—can we, my angel!"

But Harriet did care, no matter how indifferent Katherine might profess to be; so, after a few minutes had passed in thoughtful silence, she made some plausible excuse, and, quitting the room, ran quickly down the stairs, when—in the most surreptitious and underhand manner imaginable—she found out Sir Mark Warrenne's address from the housekeeper, and forthwith indited him a somewhat lengthy epistle, in which she laid before him the exact state of affairs, and wound up by demanding his presence in Tyne Royal without loss of time.

This letter she fastened, sealed, and deposited in the post-bag, after which she went up stairs again to Katherine's room, and, without a single sign of conscious guilt upon her countenance, entered into conversation with that unsuspicious woman—all which conduct goes very far to show how deceptive some folks can be under the guise of perfect innocence.

The whole of the next day she watched and waited for some recognition of her intelligence, until about four o'clock, when she received an ominous-looking red-colored envelope, which contained a telegraphic despatch from Sir Mark, to the effect that he would reach Tynne Royal about five or six o'clock on the following evening.

This telegram Mrs. Charteris dropped into her pocket, and said nothing about it until the next morning at breakfast, when—

"Katherine," said she slowly, something tells me that Mark will be here to-day.

"Oh, Harriet!" poor Lady Warrenne exclaimed, setting down her tea-cup, and turning so pale that Mrs. Charteris was fairly frightened.

"Now, Katherine, do not be silly," she said hurriedly, rising and pouring some eau-de-Cologne upon a handkerchief, which she applied to Katherine's forehead—"there is nothing so very appalling in what I have said, I am sure, to make you look so white and scared. He is only your husband after all, you know, though really one would imagine from your manner that he was a modern Bluebeard at the very least—or a wolf in sheep's clothing—or anything else equally unpleasant. Look here—if you faint, my dear, you will be sorry for it, as I protest I will elope with your son and heir before you have time to recover, and carry him off to Nova Scotia."

"You wrote to him?" Lady Warrenne asked, trembling in every limb, and taking no heed of Harriet's good-natured chatter.

"Yes, I wrote to him," that lady admitted heroically, going down on her knees beside Katherine's chair, and beginning to feel slightly repentant, not to say conscience-stricken—though triumphant, nevertheless—as she watched the other's face. "As you would not, you know, I did—and a very good thing too. Now, Katherine, my own pet, you will cheer up, will you not, and try to look your prettiest and sweetest, and put on the most enchanting dress in your wardrobe, so that when this inhuman Bluebeard does arrive he may be turned from his murderous designs by the extreme beauty of his wife and child?"

With such like idle talk did Mrs. Charteris strive to beguile away all the interminable day, giving Katherine small time to think of anything beyond the passing moment, by hovering over her with little gay words and nonsensical speeches, that somehow did succeed in dissipating the minutes with wonderful rapidity—minutes that would have seemed interminable if endured in solitude or silence.

As the evening drew on and the daylight faded, lamps were brought to the small but luxuriously-furnished sitting-room where Lady Warrenne sat, dressed with more than her ordinary care, and looking almost calmly lovely, though she could have counted each beat of her throbbing heart. Opposite to her sat Harriet, endeavoring, with all her might, to keep up the desultory conversation, in which spite of all her exertions, bade fair to come to anuntimely end.

Half-past five chimed out the diminutive clock on the chimney-piece, with a vivacity that considerably startled both the listeners, but scarcely had the last silvery stroke died away when Mrs. Charteris's heart rose precipitately to her mouth, as, distinctly on the distant gravel, she discerned the sound of carriage wheels. She rose at once, but with the most commendable self-possession.

"I will be back in one moment, Katherine," she said carelessly, with her usual pleasant smile, and went out of the room calmly enough, closing the door behind her.

But, having once performed this task, she ran swiftly and breathlessly down the broad staircase, and through the long silent hall, to the door, which she opened herself for Sir Mark Warrenne.

"Katherine!" was all the young man could say, nervously catching both her hands.

"It is all right—I have told her—she is expecting you," Mrs. Charteris gasped disconnectedly, almost sobbing with excitement and delight. "She is in the blue room—go to her at once. Oh, Mark, thank Heaven you are come!"

"How shall I ever thank you?" Warrenne answered, kissing her warmly, in the intense gratitude of his heart—an unexpected proceeding that first astonished and then amused Mrs. Charteris beyond measure; but, before she had time to offer any comment, the Baronet had run upstairs, without encountering any one, and opened the door of the apartment where his wife was waiting to receive him.

Katherine had risen, and when he entered was holding on firmly to the back of a chair, looking as beautiful as a peri, but with a face as white as death. She gave a little low subdued cry when she saw him, and held out her arms. Sir Mark caught her.

"My darling—my darling!" he murmured brokenly.

CHAPTER VIII., AND LAST.

"And when did you first discover that I was a little bit necessary to your happiness?" Sir Mark asked his wife fondly about half an hour later—a certain thirty minutes that to them, in their new-found happiness, had appeared as something less than five.

"I think, from the very first moment that I lost you," she answered, with a sweet, soft laugh, glancing up at him shyly, with well-contented glistening eyes. "But this I know—that, from the time our baby came till now, I have wanted you more than words can tell, if only to let you see what a perfect treasure he is."

"And yet you would not write and tell me to come, you proud little girl!" Sir Mark said, gazing down with ineffable tenderness upon the almost childish figure at his side. "I must administer an awful lecture to you some of these days, to prevent your getting 'a fall.' But you will take me now to see this 'perfect treasure,' will you not?"

"Come," Katherine, slipping her small fingers into his, with a delightful sense of security, and leading the way through one or two intermediate chambers to the impromptu nursery, where baby lay in high state, slumbering peacefully all alone.

Mrs. Ruskin having most opportunely gone down to the housekeeper's pantry a moment before, to procure some necessaries for her own comfort, Lady Warrenne stooped and, raising her cherub from his tiny rose-lined cot, placed him in his father's arms.

"Is he not beautiful?" she whispered, intense pride and affection quivering in her voice.

"He is, Heaven bless him!" said Sir Mark, imprinting a kiss upon the boy's fair, round rosy cheek.

After this the mother took him back again, and replaced him in his cosy bed, without disturbing his warm, healthy sleep.

"I was so glad it was a boy," Lady Warrenne said, turning again towards her husband, and speaking in the same hushed manner—"so glad—because—I fancied you would prefer it."

"Yes. I am more than pleased that it is a son," Warrenne answered, with a smile. "He is not christened yet, I suppose?"

"No, he is very young, and I had not decided on a name; but now, if you would like it, Mark, I think we might call him 'Felix,'" she said, "because he has brought happiness to us at last."

It was possibly nothing but a very ridiculous girlish idea—an idea expressed with much confusion and hesitation—but it seemed very sweet to Sir Mark just then.

"He has, my darling," he answered, drawing her nearer to him—"happiness that please Heaven, shall never again be disturbed. But I think, Katherine, there is one other name we might put before even that. Shall we"—here he hesitated for a moment or two, and then proceeded hurriedly—"call him 'Blackwood Felix'?"

There was a moment's pause, and then Lady Warrenne, bursting into tears, threw her arms round her husband's neck.

"Oh, Mark, Mark," she sobbed, "you were always too good for me, my dear!"

After this little repentant admission there ensued a somewhat lengthened silence, long enough, at all events, to allow Katherine Warrenne's heart to pass for ever into her husband's keeping.

"Now you must go away, and get yourself ready for dinner," she said presently, when she had dried her tears and called back once more the willing radiant smiles. "Harriet ordered it early on purpose for you, so you have little time."

"Very well, I will not be a moment," Sir Mark answered, opening a door that led into the gallery. "But will you and Harriet be civil to me in this dress?"—glancing at the morning clothes he wore.

"Yes, we will of course—I promise," Katherine said, adding, with a bewitching little smile and blush, "You look very nice—to me. So now go up to my room, the first you will came to, and ablutionise, or you will certainly be late."

"But do not on any account meddle with the rouge or the pearl powder," Mrs. Charteris put in gaily. She was running up the stairs at the moment, and had overheard the last remark.

"Oh, no fear—I leave all that to you two!" Warrenne answered promptly, with a short laugh, as he ran up the steps with almost boyish elasticity, such a wealth of joy surging up within his heart as he had never dared to hope for in this life.

"Harriet," cried Lady Warrenne, when she had drawn her friend into the blue sitting-room and closed the door, "what shall I say to you? How can I thank you, when I feel that but for your goodness we might have gone on to our lives' end without a reconciliation? Dearest, my only regret is that will be impossible for me to love you better than I do at present."

"I do not want thanks," Mrs. Charteris broke in merrily, feeling thoroughly in her element—"your face is enough for me. Any artist would sketch you this moment joyfully as a model for Contentment. Well"—maliciously—"do you acknowledge now that you wanted him?"

"Yes. I will even acknowledge that I am far happier than I deserve to be," Katherine answered, well satisfied to confess herself defeated. "And he is looking very well too, Harriet, is he not?"

"Just a little thin, perhaps," Mrs. Charteris suggested.

"Well, yes, now that I think of it, he is looking a degree thinner than he used to be—but very handsome it seems to me."

Katherine finished so naively that Harriet burst into a merry ringing laugh, in which, after a few ineffectual struggles to maintain her composure, Lady Warrenne joined heartily.

Their mirth had by no means subsided when Sir Mark again entered, appearing considerably benefitted by his hasty toilet.

"What are you both laughing about?" he asked, unable himself to repress a smile at their evident enjoyment.

"About you," replied Mrs. Charteris mischievously. "Your wife has just discovered for the first time how extremely handsome you are;" whereupon Katherine blushed crimson, and would have attempted some denial, had not a servant at this juncture announced the important fact that dinner was served, when they adjourned to the dining-room.

* * * * *

In this wise ended all Katherine Warrenne's fears and doubts and sorrows. From that day forth her bark, secure and safe, glided gently into none but the pleasantest channels.

She has now, in her own estimation at least, the dearest husband, the handsomest children, and the cheerfulest home in all England. There is not indeed a happier married woman, save and except perhaps pretty light hearted Harriet Charteris, who is still bound to her old friend by such bonds of love and affection as neither time nor distance can ever break.

Charlie is still as indefatigable a searcher as ever after the hidden mysteries of creeping things; indeed the interest he takes in their welfare and the eager, not to say impertinent, manner in which he ferrets out all the mysteries of their private and political economy are, according to his wife's account, "quite touching."

Tinsley too, that long-suffering boy, having escaped all the explosive ingredients belonging to his father's laboratory, has grown into a tall handsome high-spirited lad, the joy of his mother's heart, with a decided longing towards scarlet cloth and little fair-haired Katherine Warrenne.

Archibald Blount is just the same as ever, quite as selfish, indolent, and good-tempered; though, if he may be considered to have a weakness for anything beyond his own personal interest, it is most surely for his eldest grand son, young Blackwood Warrenne, who runs down every morning without fail from the Hall to see the old man, with whom he has struck up a wonderful intimacy.

As for poor Blackwood Craven, little fingers long ere this have been taught to lay perfumed flowers upon his lonely grave. Young gentle eyes have wept tender tears over his untimely death. There is small fear that he will ever be quite forgotten amongst the dwellers at Warrenne Hall, though Katherine cares but little even now to talk of that far-off time.

THE END.

"The Tall Gray Man."

BY PHILIP MARSTON BOURKE.

Castlegar is a plain but substantial-looking house, standing in a moderately well-wooded park on the banks of the Shannon.

Somehow Hugh Macdermott, the owner of Castlegar, managed to live. From the lawyers who were eternally bothering about mortgages and bills, he managed to extract something; and when his money failed him, he used his credit.

It was the dream of Hugh Macdermott's life that his daughter should make a grand match and retrieve the fallen fortunes of the family. But Rosie Macdermott, at nineteen, took it into her charming head to fall in love with the heir of the Martins of Martinmount, a family as venerable, proud, and poor as her own.

Martinmount was on the other side of the river, and Barry Martin used to row across the stream oftener than there was any real necessity. The two families were not particularly good friends, and Hugh Macdermott was not over-fond of the son of the man who had been his successful rival at school, at college, and in love. But Rosie and Barry were not at all concerned at the cold glances and studied politeness which greeted the young man on his daily visits. They were too much occupied with each other to heed whether Hugh Macdermott was civil or not.

But one day the old man, standing at his window, saw Barry Martin put his arm round Miss Rosie's waist, and then the storm, which had been gathering for some time, burst in full fury.

"Go and tell Miss Rosie I want her," said he to the butler, "and say to Mr. Barry Martin I'll be glad of a few minutes' conversation with him in my study."

Miss Rosie received Roger's message with a very bad grace, and Barry Martin with some misgivings; but they both followed the servant at once, for Hugh Macdermott was not a man to be trifled with.

"Go up stairs, Rosie, to your room, and don't come down till I send for you; do you hear me? Go."

And then her father entered the study, where Barry, with a show of carelessness, was trying the condition of a double-barrelled gun.

"Barry Martin," Hugh Macdermott began, in an awful voice, and thumping the floor with his stick, "how dare you come making love to my daughter without my permission? Do you suppose you are the proper person to marry the last of the Macdermotts, and the heiress of Castlegar? My daughter, with her beauty, and cleverness, and family, might marry a duke; as it is, she is to marry a baronet. Do you hear that, Barry Martin?—a baronet with five thousand a year! Now, sir, take yourself out of my house, and off my premises."

Barry instantly left the room and the house, scarcely knowing what he did. He was in a towering rage, but held his peace, and went home vowing to have revenge in some shape or other, even though he was Rosie's father.

Shortly after the luncheon-bell rang, and Rosie ran lightly downstairs.

"Didn't I tell you to stay in your room till I sent for you?" her father said as she entered.

"Yes, papa, but I'm so hungry," she answered, taking her place at the head of the table, "I really couldn't wait. Where's Barry Martin?"

"Rosie, if you have any regard for your life, don't mention that name in my hearing again. I saw him to-day—I tell you I saw him—you may well blush—and I turned him out of this house in a way he won't forget. The idea of a Martin wanting to marry a Macdermott!" and the stick was violently shaken. "Look here, Rosie, I had a letter to day from an old friend of mine. He's a baronet, and has five thousand a year. His name is Sir Rupert Starewell, and he is a gentleman I esteem very highly. He is the man I intend to be your husband, miss, so look to how you treat him."

"When is Sir Rupert coming, papa?" she asked.

"To morrow, or next day at the latest, so you have not much time to spare if you mean to have a place ready for him to sleep in."

"Oh, I'll put him in the red room," Rosie answered calmly. "So I'm to be Lady Starewell. Not so bad for Miss Macdermott. Don't you fear, papa. I'll have Sir Rupert if he asks me."

Every Irish family of any antiquity has a ghost, and those of particularly ancient descent have a "banshee." The Macdermotts had both, the ghost for many years confining himself to the ruins, the banshee never troubling the slumbers of any one, dead or alive, as far as could be ascertained.

Rosie took great pride in telling strangers of both, describing the tall white-haired man, clad in a long gray mantle, who used to stand on the battlement of the round tower which forms the centre of the ruins of old Castlegar, and gaze at the calm, deep waters of the Shannon below. That old man, seventeen hundred and twenty-five years ago—he wasn't old then—flung a stranger knight, who came to woo his lady-love, from the top of the tower, and threw after him a great bag of gold and jewels, wherewith he sought to purchase from her father, Mona Bawn, the promised bride of Ulic More Macdermott.

No stranger had ever attempted to wed into the family from that time, but the ghost took up his station on the battlements of the tower, and mourned over the sad event, on more than one occasion actually preventing the hated union by personal interposition.

Father Roche, the priest, firmly believed in these old stories of Castlegar, and so did Hugh Macdermott. But when Sir Rupert Starewell was told of them, he pooh-poohed the idea, and, looking from the drawing-room window, declared it a matter of impossibility for any ghost to stand on the top of that tower.

A week passed, and Sir Rupert and Rosie got on splendidly.

Barry Martin seemed as completely forgotten as if he had never appeared on the scene, or been the first lover and loved of Rosie.

But one morning at breakfast the squire and Sir Rupert both looked as if they had passed a very restless night, while Rosie was as fresh, and charming, and lovely as ever. Her dreams had apparently been pleasant.

That evening Father Roche dined at Castlegar, and at a few minutes before twelve o'clock he said good night to his host and started for home.

It was a clear moonlight night, and there, on the round tower, clearly and distinctly stood Ulic More, "the old man in gray."

Father Roche blessed himself, and returned to the drawing-room.

"It's no use, Hugh. I can't go home to-night. I saw Ulic More on the tower, and for all the bishops in Rome I would not pass Kilkeevin."

"You do not really mean to say you saw the ghost, Father Roche?" Rosie said in dismay—"the old man on the tower?"

"As plainly as I see you now, my dear," the priest answered, shaking his head. "There can be no mistake. You must give me a bed, Hugh—anywhere in the inhabited region." And so he stayed.

The next morning it was the same story. None of the gentlemen had been able to sleep a wink, and Rosie was also white and nervous. Dreary, dismal cries had kept echoing through the rooms all night, and on three different occasions a white figure had stood at the head of Sir Rupert's bed and said, "Go—go—go!"

At the Squire's couch the untiring question was, "What have you done with Barry Martin?" for, since the day three weeks before that he had ordered him off the Castlegar grounds, nothing had been seen of him.

Poor Rosie was bewildered; she scarcely knew what to do, and neither her father temporal nor spiritual could give her any consolation.

Another weary day and awful night passed, and then Sir Rupert declared that he could not stand it any longer.

"I love, I admire your charming daughter, Mr. Macdermott, and an alliance with your family would be the summit of my ambition; but I can't stand the ghosts and banshees. I can't, upon my honor. I have not had a night's sleep for nearly a fortnight."

The Macdermott did not press his visitor to remain; indeed, it seemed a relief to the old man's heart that he resolved to go of his own accord, for he would just as soon have seen his daughter in her grave, in the family burying place at Kilkeevin, as Lady Starewell, after all the warnings he had had.

But the exit of the baronet did not bring peace to the couch of Hugh Macdermott. True, the old man in gray was seen no more on the round tower, but the question was still repeated nightly, "What have you done with Barry Martin?"

At last he called Rosie one day and told her all.

"If you can find out where he is, send for him till I can beg his pardon, for I can't stand this any longer. I'll be in my grave before another week."

That night the banshee contented herself with crying at a very respectful distance, and the Squire had a sound sleep. Whether the posset Rosie brought him before he got into bed had anything to do with it, I don't know; and the next afternoon Barry Martin appeared at Castlegar and received the Macdermott's apologies and profuse professions of good will.

* * * * *

After a year the fortunes and families of Martinmount and Castlegar were united by the marriage of Rosie and Barry, a very happy union.

But it was not for long years after that the story of the ghost of Castlegar was explained.

On one All Hallow's Eve, when they were all assembled in the dining room, Barry declared that he dreamt the night before of the "grey old man," and Rosie laughed provokingly, while every one else looked serious. Then Barry told them how the ghost was none other than himself, and the banshee Rosie. Every night he used to run across the river after dusk, and mount the tower by means of a rope ladder on the opposite side.

"You can't think, father, how hard I found it to keep from laughing at Sir Rupert's white face and shaking hands every morning," Rosie said, "I used to throw a white cloak over my head, and go into the green dressing-room—there is a door from that into the red room, at the head of the bed—and I just stood in the doorway and waved my arms, saying, 'Go—go—go!' in a dreary monotone, and then crossed over to your room, papa, to inquire 'what you had done with Barry Martin?'"

"And the noise—the unearthly cries?" Father Roche asked; "I heard them myself—surely, Mrs. Barry, you did not utter them?"

"My dear Father Roche, no! I simply fitted a very rude Æolian harp into one of the upper windows, and locked the door; that was the banshee's cry," laughed Rosie. "Of course, I know it was very wrong, and I daresay papa is desperately angry, but just think of the situation!"

The Macdermott was a little bit angry, and Father Roche a little serious, remembering the night he begged a lodging because he could not pass Kilkeevin; but soon Rosie's bright face and joyous laugh infected the rest, and they all enjoyed a hearty laugh at the Mystery of the Tall Gray Man.

WOMEN AS 'LONGSHOREMEN.—It is an odd spectacle to witness scores of women doing the work of 'longshoremen on the wharves of St. John's, Newfoundland. When the time arrives for vessels from Southern Europe, Brazil, West Indies, and elsewhere, to take aboard their cargoes of salt cod, herring, etc., files of buxom females with tucked-up gowns, bared arms, and coarse brogans, may be seen along the wharves, carrying flat barrows of fish to and fro. Each barrow has four handles, and is borne by two women. They perform the same labor as men at this business, but their pay is inferior. In fact, they seem to work more arduously than their male co-operators, and continue to do so the same number of hours. Women also go on the "summer voyage" to Labrador, and act severally in the capacities of "splitters," "salters" and "headers" of fish.

ROMANCE OF A SPOOL OF THREAD.—A Willimantic, Conn., girl who works in the thread factory, wrote her name and address, and the words "Wanted, a husband," on a spool. When the thread had been wound upon it the spool was sent among many others to a shoe factory at South Norwalk. Here a Ridgefield gentleman happened to see it after the thread had been removed, and at once took a fancy to address the maiden; she at once responded and they corresponded for some time, until at length she disclosed the fact that she was already engaged, but would provide him with one as good as herself. She did so, and to all appearances her kind offices were accepted with a relish, as the names of the parties appeared in the marriage list last week.

Man carries under his hat a private theatre, wherein a greater drama is acted than is ever performed on the mimic stage, beginning and ending in eternity.

Love, like a sailor upon a becalmed sea, beholds no earth, but only heaven. Heaven opens above and beneath, and the water that bears him up is only a paler heaven.

When two loving hearts are torn asunder, it is a shade better to be the one that is driven forth into action than the bereaved twin that petrifies at home.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

A GREAT TELESCOPE.—The Lord Rosse telescope in Ireland is, as compared with the human eye, as 130,000 to 1; it has a penetrating power of 500, and can render visible stars whose light would require 20,000 years to reach the earth.

OXYGEN AND THE FIRE.—A fire burns more brightly when blown with a bellows, for the reason that it receives with every current of air a fresh supply of oxygen, that unites with the carbon and hydrogen of the coals, causing more rapid combustion and increased heat.

LEAD IN TIN FOIL.—Some French chemists have analyzed specimens of the tin foil used by the manufacturers of chocolate. They did not find anything like the quantity of lead, a virulent poison, which has been often yielded from the coating of the tinned sheet iron in which preserved meats are sometimes put up.

BEEF TEA.—It has been discovered that beef tea serves to check thirst better than stronger stimulants after excessive indulgence in liquor, and it is now prescribed in attacks of delirium tremens. The tea is readily prepared from the beef extract. Its beneficial effects in these cases are chiefly due to the readiness with which it is digested when other ailment would be refused by the stomach.

ELECTRICAL TARGET.—A target which, by means of electricity, shows instantly on another target set up at the firing station the exact spot where a bullet strikes, and thus does away with the necessity of employing a marker to signal the result of each shot, has been recently perfected, after years of labor, by a Swiss locksmith.

PATENT NAPKIN.—If any one doubts the onward march of improvement, let him remember that the old plan of fastening the napkin around the neck at dinner time has been done away with by a patented invention. You now clamp a sort of wire fence to the edge of the table before your dinner plate. The fence is jointed like lazy tongs. You place your napkin on the fence and pull the latter up under your chin when you are taking soup, and push down the fence and napkin when you are done.

TEST FOR KEROSENE.—A quick and simple way of testing the inflammability of kerosene oil is to put some of it in a cup, put the bulb of a thermometer into it, suspend the cup in a vessel of water, gradually heat the water, move a lighted taper about the oil, and note at what temperature the oil begins to emit an inflammable vapor, and then at what degree the oil itself will burn. Oil for lamps should not take fire under 115 degrees. A quicker and much simpler way is to pour some of the oil on the fire to make it burn.

TO DETECT TRICHINÆ.—To detect trichinæ, suspected meat is often examined with a microscope. A Russian savant has suggested a new method of isolating the muscular fibre. He divides the pork into small pieces and sets it to digest for about half an hour with an equal volume of chlorate of potash, to which is added four times as much nitric acid. The muscular tissue is then put into a flask with distilled water, and agitated until it separates into its fibrillæ. These latter present, when the meat is infested with trichinæ, whitish swellings, observable with a lens, and in which the microscope reveals the presence of trichinæ.

A POWERFUL POISON.—Some curious experiments have just been made in the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, with the famous woorurra poison, used by many savage tribes of South America on the tips of their arrows. The experiments made verify the most sensational reports of travellers with reference to the deadliness of this poison. The poison was applied to a number of rats in various ways, and it was seen that the largest rat died in less than five minutes, although the point of the arrow with which the poison was applied was made to prick only slightly the skin of the hind leg. The poison had been dried for some years.

FEMININITIES.

A woman who wants a charitable heart wants a pure heart.

Ladies, before marrying, had best destroy all old love letters.

Some girls are like old muskets; they use a great deal of powder, but don't go off.

A widow in Paris has made a fortune by keeping American pumpkin pies at her restaurant.

The woman who paints her face offers an unmistakable insult to Nature—and to the lips of man.

It is always to be feared that they who marry where they do not love, will love where they do not marry.

A young man without money in the company of the ladies, is like the moon on a cloudy night—he don't shine.

Beauties often die old maids. They set such a value on themselves, that they don't find a purchaser until the market is closed.

An old lady being asked to subscribe to a newspaper, declined, on the ground that when she wanted news she manufactured it herself.

A woman's tongue, it is said, never runs down; but it is often ill-natured and voluble enough to run down almost everything else.

It is said that eating onions will prevent the lips from chapping. It will certainly keep the chaps from the young ladies' lips.

The wife of an ex-Congressman and daughter of a former United States Senator now makes an honest living selling milk at Washington.

The man who is always bragging that his wife is worth her weight in gold, always lets her get up in the night for medicine for the children.

Nothing will sooner tempt a bachelor to abandon his resolution to marry than to sleep in an adjoining room to a young couple with a colicky baby.

A man who was imprisoned for marrying two wives, complained that he had been severely dealt with for an offence which carries its own punishment along with it!

If there is one person who is more false and hollow than she who often says: "You must come and see me again," it is she who replies: "Thank you; I shall be pleased to."

During the past winter a New Hampshire woman has cut and piled twenty-three cords of wood. That is doing pretty fair, but every man should encourage his wife to beat it.

"I curse the hour we were married!" exclaimed an enraged husband to his better half. To which she mildly replied: "Don't my dear, for that was the only happy hour we have ever seen.

Never, under any circumstances, marry for money. Be careful though to find out beforehand that the girl has plenty of it to have induced you to marry her for money if you had been that sort of a fellow.

A little Cincinnati girl when asked what God had made her for, replied: "To wear a red ladder in my hat." Many an older person of her sex has, to all appearances, pretty much the same conception of Heaven's designs.

An old author quaintly remarks: "Avoid arguments with young ladies. When 'spinning yarns' among silks and satins, a man is sure to become twisted and worsted; and when a man is worsted and twisted he may consider himself wound up."

The London, Eng., School Board has resolved to teach girls how to cook. One of the teachers is to give lessons in every board school on food and its preparation, and the girls will be required to attend. Twenty-one kitchens are to be opened in London, and each to be conducted by a practical cook.

It was a judicious resolution of a father, when, on being asked what he intended to do with his girls, replied: "I intend to apprentice them to their excellent mother, that they may learn the art of improving time, and be fitted to become wives, mothers, and heads of families, and useful members of society."

Be reserved, but not sour; grave, but not formal; bold, but not rash; humble, but not servile; patient, but not insensible; constant, but not obstinate; cheerful, but not light; rather be sweet tempered than familiar; familiar rather than intimate; intimate with very few, and upon good grounds.

There is no funeral so sad to follow as the funeral of our own youth, which we have been pampering with fond desires and ambitious hopes, and all the bright berries that hang in poisonous clusters over the pathway of life.

A Dangerous Voyage

"Come along, Pelli; we will go to England at once!"

The speaker, little Otto Hord, was standing, one spring day, with his brother and a great Newfoundland dog, on the shore of a rippling lake in Sweden. How large this lake was the children didn't know, but they imagined that it was a vast ocean, with all the foreign countries their father sometimes told them of, dotted along its banks, and probably about a day's sail from their home.

The Hords' house stood some hundred yards from the lake. It was a plain wooden building, with a pretty garden round it, and a beautiful view of softly undulating hills, glistening water, and far-stretching pine woods.

Otto and Pelli were the only two children of the Herr and Frau Hord, who came every year from town to spend the summer months in that beautiful spot. Otto was seven years old, and Pelli five. They were both dear little boys, and generally obedient and happy; but on the present occasion Otto had just been hearing a description of England from his aunt Ebba, and he felt wild to go and see the wonders she had narrated.

"Picture to yourself," he said to Pelli, "grand gardens, all with nothing but wild beasts in cages in them, for the little boys to feed with cakes; and a great house, as high almost as the sky, made every bit of glass, with all sorts of flowers and nice things inside; and a great many other fine sights."

And Otto paused with a look of wonder and longing on his face.

Pelli gazed at his brother admiringly, as he said:

"Otto, do let us go to England."

"Yes," replied Otto; "there is our own boat down there, at the landing place, and Bjorn has not fastened up the chain, because he told me he was going to do it after his dinner. He calls it 'an old tub,' and says the wood is quite rotten, so I'm sure we cannot hurt it. I expect we shall be some hours getting to England, so I have brought some black bread-and-butter."

And Otto displayed several tempting slices done up in a piece of an old Swedish newspaper.

Pelli looked delighted; and the two children trotted down to the boat, and seated themselves in it, closely followed by the faithful Rolf.

Otto then unloosed the chain, and let the boat drift away from the shore, which it did rather quickly, as there was a stiff breeze blowing.

Pelli sat clasping Rolf tightly around the neck, and pressed his cheek against his friend's shaggy fur, as he said:

"I am so glad that you have let Rolfy come too, he will so enjoy seeing the beasts and the glass house."

When the boat was fairly away from land, the children amused themselves for some time by looking about, and Pelli sat wondering how they would be able to recognize England.

"Of course," said Otto to his brother, "you silly little boy, the name will be written upon a board in black letters, like the sign over Bod's shop, and then we shall see the glass house for miles and miles off, and hear all the beasts say 'boo-hoo!' So, you see, we couldn't make a mistake."

The boat drifted on over the blue waters away into the centre of the lake, and the children could no longer see their house, nor even the landing-place from which they had started.

Little Pelli began to feel hungry, and asked for some bread.

"Well, you see," said Otto, "we must make our food last out; but I expect it's nearly nine o'clock, and will soon be dark (it was about five), so we will have supper."

With this Otto then proceeded to divide the bread into three equal portions—one for Pelli, one for Rolf, and one for himself.

While the children were chatting, they did not feel lonely or uncomfortable, but presently, when they had talked of everything interesting that they could think of, they began to find that it was not such fun after all, and to wish themselves safely at home again.

Rolf seemed to have an idea that all was not right, for he paced restlessly from one end of the boat to the other, looking wistfully at the distant shore, and then he put his cold nose in Otto's hand, as if to ask what his little masters were doing alone in that strange place.

"I don't see anything like a glass house anywhere!" exclaimed Pelli, fretfully; "and I don't hear any wild beasts saying 'boo-hoo-hoo!' only this horrid water all around us whish-whishing, as if it wanted to get in."

"It can't get in, you silly boy," said Otto in the elder-brotherly tone he sometimes assumed. "Don't you know water can't get into a boat."

"I know I want my ma," sobbed Pelli, piteously; "I'm very tired, and cold, and everything, and—and I don't want to go to England."

Otto soothed Pelli as well as he could, and they lay down in the bottom of the boat, and cuddled close to each other, while Rolf, stretched himself beside the children and helped to keep them warm with his soft fur.

"We had better rest now," said Otto; "we cannot, of course, find England in the dark."

So the two boys kissed each other and their dumb companion, and were soon in as calm and untroubled a sleep as if they had been in their own little beds at home.

Suddenly Pelli awoke with a start, feeling a violent blow against the boat. Otto roused himself at the same moment, and they sat up, gazing around them in a bewildered way, and not remembering at first where they were.

Rolf seemed greatly excited; he jumped about and pulled the boys' clothing till he had called their attention to some water welling up in the other end of the boat. Otto crawled across the seats and looked at it, but poor little Pelli remained where he was, trembling with cold and fright.

"There's water coming in very fast," said Otto, calmly; "it seems coming up through a hole."

Rolf became more and more agitated; he barked and whined, and gazed at the children in an agonized manner.

Otto looked over the side of the boat and saw several black things, far apart, like stumps of trees, showing quite plainly in the bright moonlight, also a long strip of gleaming sand and some trees not far off.

"Look there!" he called to his brother, "that isn't England, but it's some kind of land, and if we could get there, we would be safe!"

His voice sounded shrill and clear in the hush of a calm night; but Pelli was too miserable to reply, and only leant his tired little head on the seat, and longed to be at home with mamma.

The water seemed to be bubbling up very fast, Otto thought as he sat and watched it, with his legs tucked up under him on one of the seats. But at last it came so fast that he got frightened, till a sudden thought made him get on to the bow, and seizing the chain which was used to fasten up the boat, he cried:

"Rolf, Rolf! Good dog! Over!"

Rolf, who was well used to this command, sprang into the water with a loud splash.

Otto leant over and gave the chain to his dog.

Rolf took it in his mouth, and guided by Otto's signs, he began to swim towards the shore, drawing the boat steadily after him.

Otto, very delighted at his success, continued his shouts and gesticulations, and soon, to his great joy, the faithful dog had drawn the boat right up on the smooth yellow sand, and not before it was necessary, as it had been rapidly filling with water, and must have sunk in a few minutes.

Otto scrambled quickly over the seats to Pelli, and proceeded to help the poor little fellow to get out.

Rolf had by this time shaken all the water from his rough coat, so he went up to the children and rubbed his nose against their hands to make them feel they had at least one friend to care for them on that desolate shore.

Poor Otto's courage had all oozed away; also all his hopes of ever reaching England. He looked hopelessly around him, and then at little Pelli, who had seated himself in a dazed way on the sand, and was crying dismally:

"I want my bed! I want mamma! I want tea! I want everything!"

"Hush, hush!" said Otto, in a paternal manner. "Get up, Pelli. We will wrap ourselves up in the sail which I saw Bjorn put into the box, and sleep under the trees till papa comes."

Rolf seemed to understand all their movements, and stood by gravely while Otto laboriously disinterred the sail from the boat's locker, and, with Pelli's help, dragged it up to the trees.

The two tired children rolled themselves up in it, and guarded by Rolf, they were soon fast asleep again.

"Otto! Otto! Pelli!"

This was what woke the little shipwrecked mariners the second time; and it was a much more cheerful awakening than the first, for there stood papa and mamma with happy faces, looking down on their children; and a moment after Otto, Pelli, mamma and papa were one confused jumble of embraces and kisses.

Rolf wagged his tail and trotted about in a high state of delight, evidently considering that this happy meeting had been brought about entirely by his sagacity, which indeed it had, as had it not been for his exertions the two boys would have been sleeping at that moment the sleep that knows no waking, at the bottom of the Salmi Lake.

It appeared that the children's departure had been discovered when Bjorn went down to the landing-place, to the terror and grief of their parents, for the boat was known to be so rotten that it was unsafe. The Herr and Frau had instantly set out with some servants in the remaining boat, and rowed about near the shores of the lake. They had been just about to return to the house when they were attracted by the barking of Rolf.

Otto and Pelli were too tired that night to explain much, and dozed all the way home, wrapped up in warm shawls. The next morning Herr Hord held a court-martial, but when he found how much the offenders had been influenced by his own and aunt Ebba's glowing descriptions of the sights of London, he released the culprits with a kiss.

"Nevertheless," said Otto, confidentially, "I shall go to England one day; papa says he will take us, but we will go in a strong boat, and then we shan't have a hole knocked in the bottom of it by a great tree-root, like we did last night."

So now if any other little boys and girls ever see—walking about at the Zoological Gardens, or in the London streets—two nice little boys, escorted by a tall papa and mamma, a pretty aunt, and a large black dog, you may be sure they are Otto and Pelli Hord, who have arrived in England *at last*.

The Second Wife.

BY EDWIN ARNOLD.

For several years I was a practising physician in a small but flourishing town in Cumberland. When I first set up practice in that place there lived, about a mile from the centre, in an old stone mansion, a family by the name of Crosby. The senior Crosby was a hale, stout man of sixty, a retired sea captain, and considered wealthy. He had an only son, who, with his second wife, and four children by his first marriage, occupied the house with him—or, more correctly speaking, the old gentleman lived with his son, and ate at the same table with the family.

Long before I became acquainted with the Crosbys, I heard the second wife spoken of as one of the sweetest and loveliest of women; and when I came to know her I was pleased to find report had not belied her.

There were two other doctors in the town at the time of my arrival, and it was the fortune of one of these to be the family physician of the Crosbys, which position he held through life. At his death, which occurred in the fifth year of my practice, arrangements were made with me to take his place, which as the family was wealthy and influential, I considered a marked triumph over my remaining rival. At this time, all those I have mentioned were living, with one additional member, an infant son of the second wife, making eight souls in all.

One day, shortly after this, as I was driving past the stone mansion, one of the Crosby children came running out, and asked me to stop and see her grand-father, who was not at all well.

"Oh, doctor, I am so glad you have chanced to pass at this time!" said Mrs. Crosby, meeting me at the door, and looking pale and sad, but very lovely. "The captain is ill, and husband is away—gone North, to be absent several days. Oh, I hope nothing serious will happen to Father Crosby! and more especially while my husband is from home!"

"I hope not," I returned, in a cheerful tone. "When was Captain Crosby taken ill!" I inquired; "and what are the symptoms of his ailment?"

"He first complained this morning," replied Mrs. Crosby, as she turned on her heel, in a quick, nervous manner, and led the way to the sick man's chamber; "but I discovered nothing serious till about an hour ago. I was just on the point of sending for you, and am so glad you have come."

I found the captain very ill, complaining of violent pains in different parts of his body, and a sense of severe internal turning. He had been troubled with a good deal of retching, and had vomited some two or three times, indicating as I thought considerable biliary derangement. He appeared to have a high fever and cerebral disturbance. As I carried my medicines with me, I left what I thought he would need through the day, promising to call again in the evening, on my return from visiting my other patients.

I then repeated my directions, and bowed myself out. It was then perhaps three o'clock in the afternoon, and I did not get back till after dark. As I entered, Mrs. Crosby met me at the door, pale, trembling, and tearful.

"Oh, doctor!" she cried, covering her face with her handkerchief, and sinking upon the nearest seat.

"The captain!" I almost gasped.

"Dead! dead! He died an hour ago, in awful agonies."

I went up, took a brief look at the corpse, and hurried away. The house of death is no place for the physician.

That was the first death that happened in the Crosby family after I knew them—but it was by no means the last. The long funeral train of the captain was followed by another in less than six months, and the son literally slept with his father, leaving a beautiful widow and loving children to mourn his loss. Then the children commenced dying, one after another, and, in two years more, only the widow and her own bright little son remained of the eight I have mentioned.

It was curious, too, that each should have been stricken down in the same manner as the captain; and when the last one lay dead, I suggested the propriety of opening the body, to see if any light could be thrown upon the cause; but Mrs. Crosby, with tears in her eyes, begged me not to make the examination, saying the idea was most repugnant to her feelings; and to avoid giving her pain, I dropped the matter, and allowed the affair to rest in the mystery which enveloped it.

Time passed on, years rolled away, and no more deaths occurred in the ill-fated family. In fact, there were only two now remaining of the name—the lonely widow and her only child—who rapidly grew up into a stout and promising youth, zealously watched over by the affectionate and pious care of his mother.

The eleventh birth-day of the widow's son came and passed, and left him as promising a youth as there was to be found in all that region. Shortly after this, a messenger came for me in great haste and consternation, and reported that the lad was drowned. His body had been taken home to his mother, who was nearly distracted. There were some who hoped that the child might be resuscitated, and my presence was wanted immediately. I drove to the mansion with all possible speed, and there became witness of one of the most painful scenes of my life. The boy was dead beyond hope, and my whole attention and skill were directed to the wild and distracted mother, who passed from one swoon to another, with shrieks of anguish, filling up the short and conscious intervals.

From this last terrible blow she never recovered. It was too much for her philosophy or religion. When the child was buried, she was perfectly insane, and remained so for several weeks, gradually wasting away to a mere skeleton. They removed her to an insane asylum, about five miles distant, and whenever my practice called me to that vicinity, I made it a rule to visit the institution and inquire after her welfare.

One day, as I rode up, the principal came running out, and exclaimed, "You are just in time, doctor—I was about to send for you. Within the hour, Mrs. Crosby has recovered her reason, and is now begging to see you, declaring she has something important to communicate, and not long to live, which latter I believe."

I was soon seated alone by the side of the poor woman. She had beauty yet, but it was the beauty of the dying flower. Her features were deadly pale, and her eyes and cheeks were sunken. At first she called me by name, and grasped my hand as if with pleasure, but dropped it suddenly, with a violent shudder, and requested me to lock the door.

"Doctor," she said, when I had complied with her request and again taken my seat beside her, "I am about to die—I feel it—I know it—but heaven only knows why, it seems I cannot die without a confession, and so have sent for you. I will be brief, for there is no need of dwelling upon guilt and crime. In a word, *I am a murderess!*"

"*You!*" exclaimed I, fairly springing from my seat, as a dreadful suspicion of the truth flashed upon my mind.

"Yes, doctor, it is my dying confession. I murdered my husband's father first, then himself, and then, one by one, my four step-children, to obtain all the property for my son, and you see how heaven has punished me by taking him away also."

"Oh, wicked, wretched woman!" I exclaimed, horrified and aghast at the awful disclosure; "how is it possible so lovely a form could contain so hideous a fiend?"

She went on to state that she had poisoned each and all with arsenic, and would have given me the details of each separate murder, had I not refused to listen. She then begged me not to disclose her secret while she lived.

"If you are living twenty-fours from this time, I shall go before a magistrate, and reveal, under oath, all you have confessed!" was my stern reply, as I rose and took my last earthly leave of her.

But she died the following night, and I kept her fatal secret, because there was no end of justice to be gained by disclosing it.

DEAD LETTERS.—There are 4,000,000 dead letters received annually at the Dead Letter Office. 300,000 without stamps; 50,000 partially addressed; 6,000 no address. $1,500,000 of money orders and drafts of money valve; 45,000 packages containing property; $40,000 in money—nine-tenths of which is returned, the balance remaining in the treasury—subject to application for four years; 15,000 photographs; 250,000 European letters are returned unopened; one-tenth of all letters received contain property; 10,000 applications for letters reported lost; the great proportion found and delivered.

Myra Lee's Betrothal.

BY GEORGE FREEMAN.

Luke and I were half-brothers. Born three years after me, he seemed, even when we were boys together, my senior by thrice the term, such was his superiority in strength and stature, and such the influence of his premature gravity and earnestness. His mother was a beautiful Creole from the Island of Antigua, whom my father had married after a two month's acquaintance, and within a year from his first wife's death. His leisurely repentance had probably begun before the expiration of the honeymoon; for the temper of his second choice was jealous and fiery in the extreme.

She could barely tolerate me from the first, and after Luke's birth, seemed to regard me with positive hatred. When old enough to understand her feelings towards me, I reciprocated them in full measure.

This aversion, on my part, did not extend to my baby-brother, as I was wont to call Luke. From the time when he could play with me, we never got tired of each other's company; and when Luke was ailing I hung over his couch with all the solicitude a child is capable of feeling. As time wore on, we studied from the same books, slept in the same room, and were so constantly together, that the neighbors nicknamed us the Siamese Twins.

Our mutual fondness had no effect upon my step-mother's feelings towards me. Luke was her idol—she was without fortune, and my father's income, mostly derived from his official position, would expire with him. On the other hand, the house and grounds we lived in, together with a valuable estate in an adjoining country, were destined to be mine in right of my mother.

Within a month after I had reached my majority, my poor father was struck down by apoplexy. He died in a few days, and my step-mother's fears were realised. Luke and she were penniless—it was in my power to render them homeless also. My love for the son influenced me to invite the mother to remain with us; and the family circle, save as broken by death, remained the same.

From this period my step-mother's demeanor became greatly subdued, and, as regarded myself, almost unexceptionable. Still I thought I could perceive, beneath this smooth surface, that her long-cherished feelings were unchanged—as the tiger's claws, when in repose, are sheathed in velvet.

Luke's character was the opposite of his mother's in all things, save in the latent fierceness of temper, which only those most intimate with him could detect, behind the somewhat indolent calmness of his genial demeanor. His fits of rage were few and far between; but they were terrible; and while they lasted I was the only being who could ever succeed in mastering him.

Thus we all three were dwelling together in outward peace, which seemed likely to remain long undisturbed, when a cousin of Luke's mother came to pay us a somewhat lengthened visit. She was an orphan who had hardly a relative beside ourselves, and was endowed with a child-like simplicity and joyousness of soul that endeared her to all around before she had been with us a month.

Her presence had gladdened our household some three months when Luke, one night, frankly confided to me his love for his cousin, and his intention of declaring himself on the next favorable opportunity. The fierce pang which seemed to shoot through my whole being, as I listened, first revealed to me the state of my own feelings. Luke—my more than brother—was now my rival; but—however unconsciously—on defeating the unconfessed, yet dearest, object of my life!

With a strong effort I repressed all outward agitation, and calmly wished Luke success in his suit, assuring him I would do all in my power to hasten the fulfillment of his wishes. And, as heaven is my witness, I spoke in all sincerity, believing that Myra Lee *must* have learnt to love my brother, and resolved that no word or look of mine should tend to mar their happiness.

Two days afterwards I was told that our fair visitor must very shortly leave us, in order to take up her future residence elsewhere. She and Luke, I noticed, were now unusually silent and reserved towards each other.

The evening before her proposed departure, abruptly entering the parlor, I surprised her in tears—which, as I approached her, she vainly endeavored to conceal.

How it all came about I could never recall—remembrance is lost in the delirium of the few moments that succeeded; but I soon gathered from Myra's own lips that, although Luke had offered her his hand that very afternoon, she had given him no decisive answer—that she feared she could love him only as a cousin. At this point all self-control deserted me; and I drew from her the sweet confession that her preference was for *me*.

The avowal had hardly escaped her lips, and Myra's head was still resting on my breast, when I heard a stealthy step approaching; and, raising up eyes, saw Luke in the doorway confronting us. The conflicting passions had so transformed his countenance that I could hardly have recognised it. Hurling from between his clenched teeth the epithet "traitor," he raised his arm and pointed a pistol full towards me. I advanced a step, fixed my gaze sternly and steadily on his face, and ejaculated "Luke!" His eyes drooped, the outstretched arm wavered—the weapon swerved, was discharged; and, with a loud shriek, Myra Lee fell on the sofa behind me—a bullet in her heart!

I sprang towards the murderer; but, as I reached him, he had turned his revolver against himself, and fell dead at my feet.

The double catastrophe, the sudden revulsions of these few moments, deprived me for the time of reason and consciousness. Without an object, I snatched the smoking weapon from the dying man's grasp, and rushed from the room to my own chamber in an upper story. There I was shortly afterwards found pacing the floor with frantic strides, muttering incoherently, and with the revolver—it had been my own no less than Luke's—still clutched tightly in my hand.

I was, of course, held in custody pending the verdict of a coroner's jury. To my utter astonishment, my step-mother now came forward as my chief accuser, although not professing to speak as an actual eye-witness. At the inquest the surgeon testified that, owing to the relative positions of the actors in the tragedy, I could not possibly have fired the fatal shot. I was honorably discharged; and my step-mother, now utterly broken down by the loss of her son and the failure of her vindictive schemes, was compelled to leave the country.

It was long before I could reconcile myself to being the survivor of the sacrifice I had so unwillingly caused, and when I depart hence, it is my only wish that I may be laid beside my unhappy brother, and his innocent victim, and that the same stone may shelter our remains.

FARM AND GARDEN.

THE TOAD.—Let us not forget to encourage the toad. He isn't a handsome bird, to be sure, but one of the most useful in the long list of farmers' humble friends.

MOISTURE IN BUTTER.—The utmost moisture that should be found in thoroughly-worked butter is a slight dew, and it should be of such a fine consistency as to slice down, hardly dimming the surface of a knife blade.

POULTRY HOUSES.—Wooden floors are objected to for poultry houses, for the reason that they tend to cause the birds to become duck-footed, and what is of more consequence, absorb, and retain dampness from the droppings, and so prove a source of cramp and other ailments.

CULTIVATION OF TREES.—Surface strata rich in potash will support a heavy growth of elms, while the beech, maple and chestnut flourish on conglomerate soil. The oak requires calcareous ingredients, and often marks with accuracy the limits of the coal measures, in which lime-rock abounds. Conditions of that kind should serve as indispensable guides, which may be adopted with profit in attempting the cultivation of trees.

CARE OF PIGS.—Pigs given a run at grass will do best. The orchard, sown to clover, might well be appropriated to them in part. The effect will be beneficial in two ways; the pigs will have good grazing, and many vermin will be destroyed. If the pigs gnaw the bark, cover the lower part of the trees with some thin mud mixed with cow-manure. A feeding coop is useful for young pigs. In this, some milk in a shallow pan may be given them without disturbance from older ones.

PROFIT OF THE SHEEP.—The most profit from a sheep is to raise a lamb that will sell for more than the mother is worth. This can be easily done by caring well for the earliest lambs. A lamb, ninety days old and well fattened, will often sell for $10 in the cities, and half that in country villages. A half-breed Cotswold lamb, fed with a little mixed oatmeal and bran, and suckled by a native ewe, will make an excellent market lamb. Lambs now being fed, should be protected from cold storms, and the ewes should have some extra feed.

THE YIELD OF POTATOES.—The annual yield of potatoes in the United States, according to the returns of the last census, was nearly 150,000,000 bushels. In view of the increasing attention lately given to this crop it will doubtless show at the close of the present decade a large increase in the amount of the yield, as well as in the number and improvement of varieties. In fact, it may be safely assumed that, in spite of the fears of many in regard to the ravages of the beetle, this crop will still show a yield at the next census of over 200,000,000 bushels.

HOG PENS.—Make arrangements to save every particle of manure from the hog pens, liquid and solid. It is too valuable to lose. Every hundred pounds of such manure—liquid and solid mixed—is estimated to equal in value about one hundred and sixty pounds of common barnyard manure. It is good on all crops, and especially suited to fruit trees. Nothing is better to preserve its virtue than swamp muck on dry earth. Use it freely, covering the floor of the pen at night, and cleaning out in the morning, after which the floor should be sprinkled again. It is not only good for the manure, but for the swine. The hog pen is generally the most offensive spot on the farm during the fattening season. A little dry earth judiciously used every day would dispose of all unpleasant odors.

One false step, one wrong habit, one corrupt companion, one loose principle, may wreck your prospects and the hopes of those who love you.

He that sympathises in the happiness of others, enjoys the safest happiness, and he that is warned by the folly of others has the soundest wisdom.

A $70 Sewing Machine for $15.

The old and reliable Turner Manufacturing Company offer an unparalelled bargain in Sewing Machines; by a most advantageous contract direct with the manufacturers, they are able to offer a genuine Grover & Baker Improved Double Thread Sewing Machine for only $15. The machine is exactly as represented in their advertisement lists at $70, and is a new, perfect, and first-class machine in every respect. The fact that they are genuine Grover & Baker Improved machines is sufficient guarantee of the machine and its work. Such an opportunity to procure a first-class Sewing Machine for so small a sum has never before occurred, and every lady who does not own a machine or who wishes to make a present of one, should take advantage of this extraordinary offer, as the number of machines which will be sold at this price is limited. They are exactly as recommended in the advertisement. "COM.

JOHN WANAMAKER

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50 Extra Cards, no two alike, name printed in crimson, gold and silver, 10c. F. C. Lyman, Clintonville, Ct.

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DYSENTERY, DIARRHŒA,
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FEVER AND AGUE,
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BY RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.
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Looseness, Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, or painful discharges from the bowels are stopped in fifteen or twenty minutes by taking Radway's Ready Relief. No congestion or inflammation, no weakness or lassitude, will follow the use of the R. R. Relief.

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For headache, whether sick or nervous; rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine or kidneys; pains around the liver, pleurisy, swellings of the joints, pains in the bowels, heartburn and pains of all kinds, Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days will effect a permanent cure. Price, 50 cents.

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Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure. Price 25 cents per box.

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THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER,

FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASES, SCROFULA OR SYPHILITIC, HEREDITARY OR CONTAGIOUS,

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Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swelling, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, Tic Douloureux, White Swellings, Tumors, Ulcers, Skin and Hip Diseases, Mercurial Diseases, Female Complaints, Gout, Dropsy, Salt Rheum, Bronchitis, Consumption.

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Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick-dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance and white bone-dust deposits, and when there is a prickling, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back and along the loins. Sold by druggists. PRICE ONE DOLLAR.

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OF TEN YEARS' GROWTH CURED

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DR. RADWAY'S REMEDIES.

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ALLAN'S ANTI-FAT is the great remedy for Corpulence. It is purely vegetable and perfectly harmless. It acts upon the food in the stomach, preventing its being converted into fat. Taken in accordance with directions, it will **reduce a fat person from two to five pounds per week.**

"Corpulence is not only a disease itself, but the harbinger of others." So wrote Hippocrates two thousand years ago, and what was true then is none the less so to-day. Sold by druggists, or sent, by express, for $1.50. Quarter-colored $4.00. Address,

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GREATEST BARGAINS in PIANOS & ORGANS during this month ever known in the U.S. We are determined to maintain our position as the CHEAPEST and most RELIABLE House in the World, and will, to Dispose of our Present Stock of 500 NEW and SECOND-HAND INSTRUMENTS of BEST makers including WATERS', & SHONINGERS', place them within the reach of every family (in the land) by offering them at FACTORY PRICES, all fully warranted. We have been in the business nearly Thirty Years and cannot be Undersold on first-class Instruments, for any house in America. Take advantage of this GREAT OFFER, & send for Catalogue at once. HORACE WATERS & SONS, 40 East 14th St., New York.

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FUN 1 pk. each Escort, Love, Pop Question, Courting, Flirt cards, all for 10c. H. LEE & Co., Middleboro, Mass.

MATRIMONIAL TIMES.—Send 10 cts. for sample copy. WHITE & CO., Pubs., Box 3467, Boston, Mass.

15 CENTS FOR AN ELEGANT Chromo and Sunset Chimes for three months. Try it. Sunset Chimes Pub. Co. 78 Madison St., Chicago.

18 ELEGANT New style Chromo Cards, with name, 10cts, post paid. GEO. I. REED & CO., Nassau, N. Y.

40 MIXED CARDS, with name, 10c. Agent's outfit, 10c. L. JONES & CO., Nassau, N. Y.

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SCARCE GOODS, Books, Photos., etc. Sample & Catalogue, 3c. Paris Book Co., Chicago, Ill.

PECULIAR BOOKS FREE. Send your address and that of a friend to Lock box 24, Phila., Pa.

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This engraving exactly represents the machine with the box cover off.

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There is now no reason why every lady in America should not own a first-class A No. 1 Sewing Machine. We, the undersigned, respectfully announce to the public that we have entered into a contract which secures *direct from the manufactory*, without any Dealer's, Agent's, or Middleman's profit whatever, GENUINE GROVER & BAKER Improved Sewing Machines, at $15.00 each. This is the same machine that is sold through dealers and fixed at $70.00 each. This is the genuine and celebrated GROVER & BAKER machine, and is furnished complete in every particular with *polished Black Walnut table and box cover*, which looks down, and the iron work is elaborately finished in black and gold. It makes the strong and beautiful elastic stitch, the high reputation of which is the result of true worth and long years of honorable service. This machine is almost noiseless; does its work easily, very rapidly, and with beautiful finish. However much the cloth may be stretched the stitch will not break. Washing and ironing will not impair the beauty or strength of this stitch. The most beautiful Embroidery is easily produced with this machine. For sewing loose yielding or knit goods it has no equal. It takes the thread direct from the spools; no bothersome winding of bobbins. No home is complete without a Grover & Baker machine. It is made of the best material, in the best manner, by skilled laborers, and elegantly finished, and has always held the high and distinguished place ever accorded to true worth and merit. Ladies this is the greatest offer ever made to you. The number of machines which we can offer is limited, and we must receive your order at once as we cannot promise the machine after 60 days from the date of this paper. Every machine is in perfect running order, carefully boxed, and delivered FREE aboard cars or steamer. It can be sent by express or freight to any part of the world. On receipt of $15 we will send it to any place east of Chicago or north of Virginia, C. O. D. for balance due. If it is to be sent as freight payment in full must accompany order. Remit by Registered Letter, Post-office Money Order, or Bank Check. Perfect satisfaction and a complete substantiation of every statement made guaranteed, or money refunded. Write your address plainly; be particular how to ship, by freight or express; don't fail to do this. Address, The Turner Manufacturing Co., 93 Water St., Boston, Mass., U. S. A. If preferable, this machine may be ordered through the publisher of this paper. ORDER AT ONCE. N.B.—Each machine is mounted on patent cushion, for which nearly all other companies charge extra, and furnished FREE with one dozen needles, assorted sizes, one oil can, one screw driver, one needle gauge, and a book of full and complete instructions (explicit enough for a child to understand). When the payment in full comes with the order we will give FREE three hemmers, one braider, one feller, one quilting gauge, one gauge and screw, and one embroidery plate. These will not be given free when the machine is sent C. O. D. or otherwise than Cash with order. Preserve this advertisement.

THE LOST LAND.

BY P. HENRY DOYLE.

Oh, fair Atlantis of our dawning youth,
The Happy Isles our future held in store!
A trackless waste now rolls where once ye beamed,
And ye are seen no more!

The gay Hesperides of boyhood's realm,
That in a golden garden held the best,
E'en like a dream—a sun-god's dream—ye smiled,
Then sank beneath the West.

A land that held the first fresh bloom of life,
Where Hope's sweet blossoms rosy sprung, to day
Dank weeds and long-dead flowers choke the soil
That seemed to scorn decay.

And over all, the heartless, pathless sea
Mocks with its song the saddened bosom's sighs,
Or greets with wrecks of early outbound barks
The seeker's longing eyes.

Ah! many the vessel built by tender hearts
And freighted deep with Love's joy-laden hand,
Has started forth with trust for rich returns,
Yet never reached the land.

Oh, many a dove has left the household ark
And sought the seeming mound above the tide,
But found no resting-place, nor olive branch;
Has wearied, drooped, and died.

There walked the children that our young dreams bore,
Ere life had known life's pain;
And though we trudge the beach with sea-stretched arms,
They ne'er come back again.

Lost, lost, forever lost the land
Where Love was crowned a king, and we his own,
Deep 'neath the main with all its longed-for bliss—
We see the waves alone.

Sometimes, 'tis true, in dreams the fancy sees
The magic isle that charmed its sight of yore;
But waking proves too well the Lotus-land
Is lost forevermore.

MABEL'S VICTORY;

—OR—

The Cost of a Will.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NEMESIS," "GLORY WINS," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.—[CONTINUED.]

He had tried hard to make his gentle child like himself in these matters, but he signally failed. Mabel could not see why she should not grasp any hand held out to her in honesty and good faith, nor why the fact of her doing nothing, and others earning their own living, should make a gulf between them like the gulf that Dives could not pass.

The Colonel said she was essentially plebeian. The truth was she was a thorough gentlewoman—a being he, in his vulgar arrogance, could scarcely understand.

"I was only bidding Jane good-bye, papa," she answered to his angry question.

"Bidding her good-bye! Was there any need to embrace her in that effusive fashion?"

"I didn't, papa. I only shook hands with her," Mabel answered gently.

"Well, was there any need for that? Will you never remember who you are? You are Miss Leslie, and may surely keep your hands from creatures like that. Will you never be a lady?"

"I shall never forget that I am one, papa, I hope. No true lady ever shows her scorn of anyone. I shall not have imperilled my dignity much by shaking hands with that poor girl, and I have given her a pleasure that she will not soon forget."

"What did you give her?"

"Only a shilling, papa. Your bounty has not left me enough to be liberal with?"

"There was no need to give her anything. Shillings are not so plentiful that you need fling them away. She is well paid enough."

"Very well paid!" Mabel said, with a curl of her pretty lip. "Two pounds ten a year, and whatever cast-off clothes Mrs. La Roche chooses to endow her with. Poor Jane isn't overcome with wealth. She was a workhouse orphan."

"Bah," said the Colonel, dismissing the subject in a puff of smoke, as the cab stopped at the station. "Much good may your shilling do her. Go into the waiting-room, and don't stir till I come for you. I am not going to have any nonsensical scenes here."

He need have been under no apprehension. Arthur Dallas had not the slightest idea of their intended departure, and was at Whiteladies questioning his aunt. Had he known, the Colonel's apprehensions on the score of a scene might have had some foundation, for he was quite impetuous enough to have come to the station and favored the gallant Colonel with a piece of his mind. No such catastrophe occurred, and Colonel Leslie and his daughter got clear away to London without any accident. At the Waterloo terminus Mabel for the first time perceived that their boxes were not labelled in their own name.

"Mr. Burchell" was upon them in large characters, and on very conspicuous labels.

"I'm not going to have that young fellow following us about," he said. "I want to get away in peace. You may make up your mind to it, Mab. You shall never have him, so you may as well take things quietly, my girl."

"I shall never take anything quietly that separates me from Arthur," the girl replied. "You may do what you will, papa, but you will never separate us in the end—you cannot."

"We shall see!" hissed the Colonel. "If it is to be war between us on this subject you shall find that the worst of it shall be yours. Remember, if you please, that you are Miss Burchell for the rest of the time we are in England, and don't attempt any nonsense, or I'll lock you up in a madhouse. If Arthur Dallas were the heir to his aunt's fortune it would be different, but he is not. He is a beggar and an impostor."

"You said that once before, papa," Mabel said, quietly; "and you know it to be false, the last half of it at least. Be good enough not to repeat it, and let us drop the subject—it is unpleasant."

She would not open her lips about it again, nor indeed upon any other, for she found in a very short time that the landlady of the house where her father took lodgings was in his pay, and would betray anything she said or did at once. She could not watch at the window for Arthur's coming and finding her out, for the Colonel had arranged matters so that they had no private sitting-room, and she must share the landlady's stuffy parlor or spend her time in her bed-room—a delectable apartment, with a pleasant view of a cistern and a strip of blank wall. Colonel Leslie had given as his reason for this very uncomfortable arrangement the fact that they should not be long in town, and that during their stay they should be very little indoors.

This Mabel found to mean that he would be out all day, flitting hither and thither, while she herself was detained at home a prisoner, with the landlady for her gaoler. She discovered this disagreeable fact the morning after her arrival when she went downstairs, dressed to go out, and found the front door locked.

"Missis will be ready in a minute, miss," said the servant, appearing at her call from the lower regions.

"I don't want your mistress. I only called to have the front door opened," Mabel replied, wondering at the girl's words and odd manner.

"The gentleman's orders were very strict, ma'am," the servant said.

"What orders?"

"That you shouldn't go out alone, miss. He said the door was to be kept locked, and if you wanted to go out it was never to be without missis."

"Go downstairs, you idiot!" said the sharp voice of the landlady, who came up from the kitchen, tying her bonnet as she came, and holding the key of the street door in her hand. "What business had you to speak?"

"What does this mean," asked Mabel. "Am I a prisoner?"

"Oh, no, miss, not in the least!"

"Then open that door, please, and let me out!"

"Well, I can't do that, miss, unless I go too. Your father made me promise that I would not lose sight of you. He explained how delicate you were, and that you did not know London, and——"

"Thank you, that will do, Mrs. Jermyn," Mabel said, haughtily. "There is no occasion for a word more. I know London very well—at least any part of it to which I should have to go, and I am not delicate. I understand perfectly that I am a prisoner, and will not trouble you."

She swept upstairs, leaving the landlady divided between admiration of her pluck and resentment at her words, to throw herself upon her dingy bed and weep bitter tears of humiliation and despair. There was no chance of communicating with Arthur now. She could only listen for a ring at the bell, and the sound of his well known voice, but they never came, for he had no idea of what was going on.

The change of name which the Colonel had effected cleverly at the station of Kingcolm-on-the Sea had completely baffled all inquiry. Arthur had never thought of the father of his love being so persistent as that.

On the third day of their stay in London the Colonel brought home Mr. Grigg with him, and summoned his daughter downstairs to see him. His meeting him had been purely accidental—one of those chances which happen sometimes just at the right moment, and he had seized on the chance and taken him home with him.

"You can do me a good service," he said.

"How?"

"Make that girl of mine understand that what I told her is the truth. She won't believe me?"

"You wouldn't believe me, if you remember, Colonel," Mr. Grigg said, shortly.

And in truth Colonel Leslie's reception of him at Kingcolm had been the reverse of friendly till he had shown, beyond a doubt, that his story was true.

"Oh, I have had your words verified since then. I put the question to the old lady herself, and she did not deny what you had said. She wasn't complimentary in her manner of speaking of you, though!"

"She seldom is of any one!"

"Can't you tell me plainly, exactly, how matters stand?"

"No! I can only repeat what I said before, that Arthur Dallas will not inherit a penny when his aunt dies. Whiteladies and all in it goes to another party!"

"To whom?"

"Pardon me, that is my secret and hers. It is no part of my business to reveal it to you or anyone."

Mabel greeted the lawyer with mistrust. He seemed to be at the bottom of all the unhappiness that had come to her.

"I want you to understand, my dear," the Colonel said to his daughter, with much suavity, "that what I told you about that young man was true. Mr. Grigg is the gentleman from whom I had the information, and he will verify it."

"Certainly, miss," the lawyer said, feeling somehow very uncomfortable at the sight of Mabel's pale face. "Anything I said to the Colonel I am ready to stand by. It is quite true that Mr. Dallas isn't the heir to the old lady at Whiteladies!"

"How do you know?" sharply asked the girl, whose nerves were strung up to the highest pitch of endurance.

"Because I have seen the will of Mrs. Dallas, and his name is not mentioned in the document at all."

"Seen it!" exclaimed Colonel Leslie. "Hang it, man, why can't you out with the truth and say you made it?"

"Because Mr. Grigg knows I should not believe him," Mabel said in a quiet tone. "I have not been the favored guest of Mrs. Dallas for nothing. I know who made her will and where it lies. She told me that much, and she has spoken of Whiteladies in such a manner that I know her nephew is her heir."

"Was, miss, was," Mr. Grigg replied. "It is all altered now. Mrs. Dallas made a new will only a few days before you and your respected father left Kingcolm, and she honored me by calling me in to make it."

"You?"

"Me, miss!"

Mabel was so utterly astonished that she could only stare at him in blank astonishment. She knew Mrs. Dallas had no great opinion of Mr. Grigg, and she wondered could her old friend who had been so kind to her have suddenly gone mad?

"A will disinheriting Arthur!" was all she could say. "I can't believe it!"

"You'll hear all about it some day, miss," the lawyer said. "It will be talked about enough when the old lady is gone!"

"It won't trouble us," the Colonel said, shortly. "We are off almost directly. I only wanted to cure this foolish girl of fretting after a fellow who does not care for her, and who the minute he loses sight of her goes off to enjoy himself on the Continent!"

The words stung Mabel cruelly as she thought of the loving little note she had left for Arthur.

"I don't believe that," she said.

"Fact, miss," the lawyer said, something too glibly had Mabel's heart not been too full to notice his tone; "at least, he's going. He's having a fling about London just now, and is making his aunt's money fly, I can tell you. I suppose she's giving it to him now instead of by and by."

In London, and not seeking her! Mabel's heart turned cold at the thought. She had been fretting her young life out for him, and he was not caring for her! She brought her pride to her aid, and did not burst into the passion of tears that came welling up to her eyes.

"Don't say any more about it, please," she said. "I quite understand. I wish you good morning, Mr. Grigg!"

CHAPTER V.

ON BOARD THE EMPRESS OF THE WAVE.

The Colonel was what Mrs. Dallas had called Mr. Grigg, "a worthy disciple of the Father of Lies." He knew that Arthur was searching for Mabel without any thought of leaving England, and he certainly had never seen the young man since he parted with him at Kingcolm.

So Mabel drooped and faded, and the time drew near for her to go away across the sea with nothing of that brief, bright time left to her, except the reflection of it, and no hope to carry her through the loneliness and darkness of the life that lay beyond.

Arthur could not quite understand his aunt when he spoke, as he sometimes did, in his grief and pain of his lost Mabel.

"If she's worth a man's second thought, you'll meet her again, my boy," she insisted. "Her father's a fool, but if she loves you, and I think she does, she'll wait for you. Why, if she's a true-hearted woman, sooner than marry anyone else she'll make her way back to you if she puts on sailor's clothes and works her way back across the sea as a cabin boy!"

"She does love me. I am sure of that!"

"And you love her?"

"Oh, auntie! what a question! Do I not love her?"

"Where there is love there is faith," replied the old lady, shortly.

And she stroked her nephew's hand as she spoke, as though old memories of her own youthful sorrow were crowding up in her heart.

"I thought you had no faith in love," the young man said. "I am sure, judging from the way you rail at poor Pincher sometimes——"

"Bah!" Mrs. Dallas said, with a grimace. "That isn't love. It is disgusting worldly greed.

Love sacrifices all things
To bless the thing it loves.

That's in some play, isn't it? That's my notion of love!"

"But would you do it, auntie—such a thing as you said just now my Mabel would do if she were true to me?"

"I would have done it years ago, boy. I wasn't always the withered old woman you know me. I had a heart once, and faith, but it died all of a sudden one bright summer day. Bah! What stuff I am talking! Love's young dream may be all very sweet, but the waking is apt to be bitter. Let us talk about something else, lad, or I shall be worse than ever next time Pincher shows me any of her lovelorn airs."

She laughed, and Arthur laughed too, in spite of his melancholy. She had shown him more of the real goodness of her nature since the breaking up of his hopes than he had ever seen before, and he had began to feel that she was something more than the sarcastic, selfish old woman he had been used to think her.

"See Mabel before she goes and have it out with her," was Mrs. Dallas's advice, but how was he to do it?

Colonel Leslie had not taken a passage, that he could find out, in any India bound ship, and he was terribly puzzled. He knew that the passage money for himself and his daughter was to be forthcoming, and that he was bound to be in Bombay at a given time. He was at his wit's end, when Mr. Montagu came to the rescue, and wrote to him from London, where Arthur had wearied himself out with fruitless inquiries at shipping offices and all sorts of places where any news of starting ships might be obtained.

"Two berths are taken in the Empress of the Wave," he wrote. "Not for Colonel Leslie, but by Mr. Mowbray, and that gentleman is the agent of the noble lord through whose influence the gallant Colonel is going across the water. I think we may safely infer who the travellers will be, especially as Mr. Mowbray was particular in giving no name but his own in the transaction. He thinks the Colonel is running away from his creditors. I have no doubt he is, but you are the most important."

When Colonel Leslie stepped on board the Empress of the Wave at Southampton, he was not a little surprised to see Arthur Dallas standing on the deck amongst the passengers. He was too startled for a moment to say anything, and in that instant the young man had drawn his daughter from his side, and was standing with her by the bulwarks, clasping her hands and bringing life and light into her poor wan face by his loving greeting.

"My darling—my darling!" he said. "Have I found you at last? But how ill you look, my own! What have you been doing?"

"Not much but fret, I think," she said. "They told me you were gone away, Arthur, without looking for me. Did you get my note at Kingcolm?"

"Yes, darling, and could not answer it because I could not find you! Who told you I was gone away? Where? I have been seeking you in every way I knew how. Mabel, I would have died to find you."

"Papa told me," she began, and then stopped in confusion, thinking she had better say no more, for it was her father who had lied so cruelly to her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Fashion Notes, Queries and Fireside Chat.

Great variety and lightness characterize the dress trimmings this season. Not only is this noticeable in fluffy ruchings, ribbons and fringes, but even flounces and pleatings indicate an aerial tendency. Indeed, so tasteful are some of the material arrangements, that we give in detail a few of the simplest examples:

In the first mode, prepare a straight strip of the material three or four inches wide, fold five plaits, leave a corresponding plain, plait five again, and so on, until there is sufficient frilling for three or five rows; then fix and stitch it round the garment in such a way that every set of plaits surmounts a blank, and *vice versa*. Secure the flounces merely as far as the centre, letting the remainder fall loosely. The general effect is particularly attractive as a drapery over a tablier.

Somewhat after the same plan is the following:

Cut in four or six bands of material twice the length required; plait firmly five plaits towards the right, and at a distance of rather more than an inch fold a second set to the left, so that the plaits face. The spaces may be left plain, or stylishly ornamented by an embroidered spray, bunch of tiny ribbon loops, gimp ornament, or two or three buttons with simulated buttonholes.

Simple killings, from five to six inches broad, are plaited so closely as to take up six times the bare length of fabric. Halfway down the flounce is left free, and its amplitude causes the fullness to set in regular flutes, about two inches wide.

This arrangement may be further enhanced by an ornamental heading, viz: Every fifth or sixth fold is caught down two inches by a button; the intervening plaits carving gradually round, a succession of coquilles is the result. A galloon finishes off the upper side of the plaiting, and a lining of contrasting color would show to great advantage.

In accordance with the triple colored bows, many of the fashionable flounces display two or three different hues of trimming. One of the daintiest frillings of this kind is made thus: On an eight-inch band of material mark off with a tacking thread a two-inch heading, and in the same way divide the band lengthways into spaces six inches wide. Gather by the basting line, and set on the flounce, with scarcely any fulness. Trim the heading with three close-set roleaux, in olive, sky-blue, and maize, for instance, and ornament each blank by similar roulcaux, placed chevron fashion, either near or far apart, according to the heaviness or lightness of the dress fabric.

The striped and checked textures now in vogue are particularly accommodating as self-trimmings; by merely varying the direction of the lines most pleasing effects are attainable, as, for example, flounces or bands on the straight, alternating with others on the cross. Judgment, however, must be exercised in planning an entire toilette, as the pattern cannot be altered to every part at will. The front of a dress, though occasionally for novelty made on the bias, is never very successful. Slantwise stuff readily stretches, and hence is detrimental to a good fit. Trains, on the contrary, fall very gracefully cut on the cross, provided the lower part be cut as much as possible in a single piece, joins so, considerably impeding the sweep of the diagonal folds. For the upper part of the train there is not the same objection, as it sets flat to the figure, and consequently, when well joined, seams are almost imperceptible. In draperies, bouillonnes, and bias, crossway is undoubtedly the prettiest mode. Bias are very appropriately arranged to simulate a circular collar at the back of the neck, descending the front, approaching gradually till they meet at the waist, and from thence widen out on the robe or tablier in the form of an inverted V. A rather novel bordering for skirts, sleeves, etc., is a narrow crossway flounce, with two inches of plaiting alternating with an interval of four inches. By this means three effects of stripe or check can be given in a single costume—the perpendicular lines of the dress, the diagonal stripes of the spaces, and the broken ones of the plaiting. For striped silks or grenadines, etc., is, however observed the dressy and effective style, as follows: Cut a bias eight inches deep and a third extra in length, and bind both edges by a piping, galloon, or ribbon. As a heading, crease or tack a line two inches from piping, leaving thus four inches in the centre. At the top, gather by the line for six inches, miss two and one-half inches, and so on. Repeat this at the lower part to form the bouillonne. In the plain central spaces add a puffing, or three tiny plaitings, cut slantwise if the bias be straight, or the reverse. Being laid diagonally, the pleatings will naturally vary in length.

Plaids are used as a trimming on plain materials, as well as for the costume entire. A stylish costume is of very fine grey cloth; above the pleating which borders the skirt there is a band of twilled plaid silk, black, red and orange checks; bows of plaid silk at the sides of the simply looped tunic bodice in the form of a cutaway coat, opening over a plaid waistcoat fastened with buttons representing animals heads. This coat bodice has revers, and pockets at the back of the plaid sleeves are very narrow, with plaid cuffs.

Watered silk is again brought into favor, as may be seen by the following costume:

The skirt of cotienne, the color "Raisin de Corinthe," is draped over a train of watered silk. The centre of the skirt was formed of a wide bouillonne of faille, edged at each side with a faille plaiting, and at the edge of the watered train there was another plaiting. Bodice, with lancer basque at the back, a water silk plaiting between the two *pans* of the basque; watered revers on the basque, sleeves, and front of bodice. The bodice opened over a small watered plastron, and a cascade of Valenciennes lace encircled the throat and crossed the chest. The sleeves were wider than those for day wear, and beneath the revers there were gullies of Valenciennes lace. Folienne is a very fine-ribbed material, somewhat resembling Sicilienne, but softer and more silky.

Bonnets and hats are daily becoming more and more extravagant in form and color; the latest vagaries are red bonnets, made of velvet and silk mixed, high in the crown, with brim shading the forehead; they are worn with black costumes, and, like red parasols, are conspicuous, for in dress a little red goes a long way. The old Directoire bonnet has again come to the front. In ancient days it was known as "The Confessional," because it came so far forward on the forehead that it entirely concealed the face. It is now made with Leghorn straw, lined with pale or blue silk; has a high bouquet of flowers at the back; otherwise it is guileless of trimming, even of ribbon. Then there is the Auvergnate hat, which has black ribbon velvet crossing the crown and tying beneath the hair. Some hats are ornamented with such fruit as plums, peaches and grapes; the Vendengaise hat, for example, is covered with grapes. As for the Creole fichus that are twisted round the crown of straw hats, the foulard and batiste handkerchiefs embroidered with color, the silk Madras—the material of the dress, Eastern fabrics studded with silver; these and a thousand other fantasies are all to be seen on summer hats.

And *apropos* of silver, many new hats are made of silver braid; but these are less showy than might be supposed, as the silver is dull and lustreless, and the trimming is so profuse that but small portions of the hat are seen. Pale blue ostrich tips, white daisies and chenille barbs are used for trimming silver hats. Silver and gold beads are seen on mastic and bego chip bonnets, and some white chips have the upper part of the brim embroidered in floss silks. In trimming Tuscan and rustic straw bonnets, many milliners introduce a cording of yellow satin between each of the first four or five braids of the brim. The satin should match the straw in color. As for the ornaments on hats, they are of the most eccentric design, such as represent horseshoes, whips, boats, firemen's caps, and ladders.

I omitted to mention that gray dresses generally accompany the silver hats alluded to. A costume consisted of a gray beige polonaise, trimmed with narrow lustreless silver braid; the skirt was gray foulard, bordered with a kilting of the same. The boots were gray kid, the stockings gray silk, the bonnet gray straw with gray strings, and a wreath of leaves in "old silver;" the gloves and parasol were both gray. This, verily, is *en suite* carried to the furthest extreme.

As a novelty, I may mention the Van Dyck sash of two shades of blue satin. The ribbon is first brought around the waist, and then falls at one side in two long ends having no bow.

Our Fireside Chat.

[Our columns being frequently pressed for space, I am at times compelled to omit some of the inquiries and answers, but they will all receive prompt attention in their turn. If any of the readers of the Ladies' Department have any good recipes or suggestions interesting to the sex, I will be very glad to receive them for publication.—ED.]

An inquiry from "Frank Taylor, Country," for directions to make an aquarium, was published in the Post some time ago, and I think if you will publish the following suggestions, he will find them explicit, and easy to follow:

Young alligators are fed on small fish, frogs, and fresh meat.

One of the most pleasing and instructive ornaments about a home is a successfully managed fresh water aquarium, well filled with an appropriate selection of plant and animal life in a healthy condition. But as very few people ever make a success of it, perhaps a short article to their treatment may be of service to some of our readers. It is often said that an aquarium will thrive better with neglect than care (after being once properly started), which, to a certain extent, is correct; for the constant changing of water, plants, and fish, only tends to weaken them and shorten their lives, in their strange and unnatural condition.

Almost any kind of an open-top vessel can be utilized into an aquarium, for plants will grow just as well in an old wash-tub as in a gilded iron-frame tank; the great point to be attained being pure water and a healthy condition of plant and animal life. In fact, some of the finest aquariums we ever saw were only wooden frames with glass sides; but these are usually objectionable, from the fact that they are liable to leak, and soon decay enough to make them unsafe to stand in a house. The great demand for a durable and ornamental aquarium adapted to the conditions and requirements of the home, the office, the hall, and the conservatory, has resulted in many improvements and patents, so that the manufacturers now offer at moderate prices very ornamental iron-frame aquariums, with glass sides, which, considering their durability, are in the end the cheapest.

The principles that govern it are simple and easy, if one only studies to obey the laws of nature—not science; for it is only equivalent to a well ventilated house. The laws of animal and vegetable life exist just the same in the water as on the surface of the earth. Growing plants evolve oxygen, which is the vitalizing element of animal life, and the exhalations of animals is carbonic acid and gas, which is the vitalizing element of animal growth; hence the exhalation of one kingdom furnishes the vitalizing element for the other. But no definite rule can be laid down by which animal and plant life can be equalized in confinement together. Its successful workings entirely depend upon that balance between the two in which plants give off as much oxygen as is required for the animal life, and that there should be no more animal exhalations than the vegetation will absorb. When once properly adjusted the aquarium requires but little more attention than to remove decaying vegetable matter, and to keep the *conferve* (green scum) removed from the inner surface of the glass. This can be done with a sponge or rag fastened to a stick, moving it slowly in a vertical direction, so as not to agitate the water. The rock work and terra cotta ornaments should also be taken out and thoroughly washed upon its first appearance, for this is the greatest enemy to a healthy aquarium.

In preparing the aquarium, spread an inch or two of coarse sand over the bottom, and to be sure there are no particles of vegetable mold mixed with it, wash it well by putting it in a sieve, and pumping clear water on it, as long as any impurities or muddy water run from it. Plant in the sand some good aquatic plant, laying over the roots small stones to hold them in place until the plant has anchored itself by new roots. Most plants will thrive in sand and water just as well as in loam. If it is desirable to grow *Richardia hastata, R. maculata, Caladoniums*, or *Amorphophallus*, they will flourish better if potted in shallow pots of good, rich loam and set upon the sand, then covering the pots with small stones or pebbles to prevent them from being upset or moved about; also to prevent the fish from stirring up the mud. Next, arrange the stone and ornaments, being very careful to have them stand firm, so there will be no chance to fall against the glass and break it. After arranging sand, plants, and ornaments, fill the aquarium to the desired height, with fresh water, taking care not to wash the sand from the bottom. Then it is especially desirable to throw in a handful from some of the following list of plants to float about and supply oxygen until the plants just set out, take root, viz: Water-feather (*Hottonia inflata*), Mare's tail (*Hippuris vulgaris*), Eel-grass (*Vallisneria spiralis*), Dutch-grass (*Ancharis Canadensis*), etc. Also small mussels, snails, etc., but do not put in fish until after the water has settled.

There is a great variety of hardy native plants, or weeds, growing in all the streams, that can be introduced into the aquarium with good effect—for almost all plants growing in the streams will do well in an aquarium, but they are often thought too common to be pretty. Tropical plants, such as are kept in the green houses for sale, are probably the best, as they will remain vigorous all the year round.

And now it will be in order to stock it with animal life. Gold and silver fish are the popular varieties, but perhaps no greater pleasure can be derived than from a good selection of native river fish (snails and mussels having already been introduced.) Dace, silver-sides, chub minnows, red-bellied minnows, barbet, stone-loach, perch, rouch, water lizards, eels, etc., being easily obtained in almost any quantity from the small streams and ponds. The fish will gradually devour the snails as they can find them protruding from the shells, and it will be necessary to repeat the excursions to the streams or swamps to replace those devoured. The most useful snail for the aquarium is *Planorbis*, which is the best of all for keeping down the moss from the glass sides, which they seldom leave. The Lymnæ, the Paludina, Bithinia, Physa, etc., are also good sanitarians; but the bivalves (Unio, etc.) are more ornamental than useful, but add a peculiar charm to it.

When the water becomes foul or green, draw off all but enough to cover the fish, using a syphon, which any tinner can make in a few minutes, but your druggist can get you a neat glass ode for a small outlay. The same syphon can be used to fill it again with fresh water (not too cold,) and not disturb the sand bed.

The aquarium must not stand in the direct rays of the sun, as it would soon absorb the oxygen contained in the water and kill the fish. However, it must stand in a light, airy situation, for light and air are the most essential elements to health, either in the aquarium or home.

A proper knowledge and judicious execution of feeding will probably do more to make the aquarium a success than most people imagine. Small fish require very little food after the plants have commenced growing, for growing plants will supply a large amount of minute insects (animalcula) and *conferva*, which is the natural fish food; but before this is supplied a small amount of prepared fish food is necessary; or if that cannot readily be obtained, crumbs of home-made bread, crackers, vermicelli, white of an egg boiled hard and minced very fine; fine pieces of lean beef, mutton, or boiled liver, as well as flies, soft insect food, of any kind, particularly earth worms. Never feed more than two or three times a week, and be sure to remove all crumbs of food that may be left after feeding, as it would soon decay and produce disease.

Spread a paper over the aquarium while sweeping, and remove the small particles of soot or other impurities that may accumulate on the surface of the water by taking a piece of stiff paper or card, and after thoroughly saturating it with water, draw it over the surface; the soot will adhere to the damp paper, and can thus be removed more easily than by any other method.

In short, use a great deal of common sense; keep the aquarium clean, the water pure; never put in enough plants to make it appear crowded; never introduce more animal life than the oxygen of the plants will sustain; never stir the water to see the fish swim, and, above all, do not handle the fish. Avoid all sudden changes, such as heat and cold.—*Old Subscriber.*

KEEPING BUTTER.—To keep butter in sacks, these, when filled, should not be packed in dry salt, as the air can then have access to the butter, the dry salt being porous. If the sacks are packed in brine in a barrel, and headed up, the butter will keep for a year, or more, if it was good when packed.

TO CLEAN CISTERN WATER.—Add two ounces powdered alum and two ounces borax to a twenty-barrel cistern of rain-water that is blackened or oily, and, in a few hours the sediment will settle and the water be clarified and fit for washing, and even for cooking purposes.

Do nothing to-day that you will repent of to-morrow.

ANSWERS TO ALL INQUIRERS.

M. A. W. (Ballard, Ky.)—We really are unable to answer your question. It is much too obscure.

MUNKI, (Montgomery, Pa.)—The actions of the young man indicate the most unmistakable evidence of his intentions of courting.

T. M. (Phila., Pa.)—You certainly have no right by the law of etiquette to salute any young lady before you have been formally introduced to her.

STAINTON, (Hazleton, Pa.)—It is very vulgar to pronounce the word "soot" as if it were spelled sut. It should be pronounced as spelt, the double o as in boot.

SEYFFERER, (Orleans, Vt.)—We think the pains that you complain of proceed from rheumatism, which hardly any medicine will remove. Consult a doctor by all means.

M. S. (Middlesex, Mass.)—There is only one proper way to act in such a case. Have nothing more to do with a young man who displays such a heartless disregard for your feelings.

A. B. (Woodford, Ill.)—We imagine that the harpsichord was the more immediate precursor of the pianoforte. No one however can state precisely, opinions being much divided on the point.

BRILLE, (Chatham, N. C.)—Near-sighted persons are called myopes. Their eye is too convex. A concave glass corrects the defect; just as a convex glass enables us to see nearer by converging the rays.

A. W. (Phila., Pa.)—If you love the young lady, and are loved in return, there should be no fear on your part of a refusal of a proposal. Your income is amply sufficient for you to enter into the marriage state.

NAVAL, (Annapolis, Md.)—May 24, 1845, was the date that Sir John Franklin and Captains Crozier and FitzJames, in the ships Erebus and Terror, left England for the Arctic Seas, which proved so fatal to the eminent explorer.

H. R. (Ulster, N. Y.)—All you can do is to remain still, and, if any threat is brought against you, consult a lawyer. No doubt you have been cruelly used and deceived, but the facts only are to be considered in law.

S. N. (Butler, Pa.)—The lotus is a large fragrant white flower, the rose of ancient Egypt; made into wreaths or garlands, it was often placed on the heads of females or held in the hands. It frequently appears in the hieroglyphs.

ESTHER, (Pottawattamie, Iowa.)—As you do not say whether you are going on the excursion with your parents or friends, or alone, we cannot possibly give you any advice on the point of inviting a young gentleman acquaintance.

E. L. (Laurence, Tenn.)—We have two thoughts of the young gentleman you speak of; the first is that he means only agreement by his messages; the second, that he is bashful. Your own good sense will readily suggest the proper course in either case.

A. L. (Pittsburg, Pa.)—We think there should be some few minutes break in your occupation. Seven hours' constant sitting is not good at your age, though we do not think it is likely to do much harm, as you have time for plenty of exercise after your duties are over.

J. H. (Germantown, Pa.)—Madame Parepa-Rosa was born in Edinburg, Scotland, in 1838. Her maiden name was Eufrosyne Boyeska. The name Parepa was taken from a so-called estate in the possession of her father's family. Her first appearance on the lyric stage was at Malta in 1856, in "Sonnambula."

WORRIED BESSIE, (Burlington, N. J.)—We admire your prudence in wishing to be informed as to the remunerative nature of your lover's business before you engage yourself to him. The trade you mention is very excellent, and those who buy up quantities in the market for resale, frequently make large fortunes.

VORTEX, (Monmouth, N. J.)—The word "civilian" is used to distinguish persons who are not in the army or navy. Thus every person in the former is "a military man," and every person in the latter is "a naval man," and every person who is neither is "a civilian." The term was also applied to the Learned Doctors of Laws in the old Ecclesiastical Courts.

T. J. C. (Mason, Tex.)—The best possible rule for your guidance in all your matters, is: "As ye would that others should do unto you, do ye even so unto them." If you would persistently set up to the spirit of that rule, all the difficulties which you mention would disappear, and your course would be freed from the many thorny obstructions of which you now complain.

B. M. M. (Pierre, Wis.)—Presuming our chronology to be rightly computed by the Hebraic numbers, then Cleopatra's Needle might have been carved before the Deluge. There can be no doubt that the world had arrived at a high state of art and civilization before that event. Of course, that being the case, the conclusion follows that the monolith must have been under water.

J. W. (Harmony, Pa.)—You tell us that you have a yearly salary of fifteen hundred dollars, but that at the end of the year you have no balance to your credit; you think if you married a lady you like, you would perhaps lay by something; if you do not marry you see no other way but to keep on dissipating your time and money day and night. This very weak confession shows you to be entirely destitute of self-control or principle. Why should you involve any young lady in embarrassments which we are confident will always entangle you until you reform your own character? Set about this at once.

R. (Camden, N. J.)—Catacombs are large vaults, with galleries and chambers, in which many nations in certain periods of their history were accustomed to deposit the dead. The Egyptians were the most ancients on this subject, and the practice appears to have been continued by them for at least 3,000 or 4,000 years. They embalmed the bodies, and under the influence of superstition prepared them for long endurance. Their catacombs were covered with paintings in fresco, thousands of which are still as perfect and fresh as though painted within the passing year. Rome has catacombs of vast extent; and Paris and Syracuse have others, but not so numerous.

ROMEO, (Carroll, N. H.)—It was Theobald who was satirized by Pope that made the Shakspearean emendation referred to, and not the latter. In Henry V., act ii. sc. 3, Mrs. Quickly describes the dying Falstaff as playing with the flowers (of the counterpane), smiling upon his fingers' ends, as the dying do, and adds in the folio of 1623, "his nose was as sharp as a pen and a table of greene fields." Theobald happily altered the words "a table" to "a babbled," and the dark passage became instinct with life and poetry to the generation to be right, and is accepted all over America and Europe. Pope thought the word a stage direction to one Greenfield which had crept into the text.

SCRIBACIOUS, (Columbia, Va.)—A good liquid blacking can be made by dissolving one ounce of caoutchouc in half a pound of hot rape oil. To this add three and three-quarter pounds of ivory black, and two and a half pounds of molasses, along with three-quarters of an ounce of finely ground gum Arabic previously dissolved in a gallon of vinegar. These are to be ground in a paint mill until the mixture is perfectly smooth. To this eleven ounces of sulphuric acid are to be now added in small successive quantities, with powerful stirring for half an hour; at the end of which time two and three-quarter ounces of finely ground gum Arabic are added; after which the stirring is repeated half an hour daily for 14 days longer, when the liquid blacking is ready for use.

THEOLOGUE, (Wood, Va.)—The King James is not "the first authorized translation of the Bible." Miles Coverdale, who afterwards became bishop of Exeter, in the reign of Henry VIII., translated the Bible and dedicated the whole to the King, and a license for its circulation in England was obtained mainly by the influence of Archbishop Cranmer and Bishop Goodrich. This was the first English authorized version of the Scriptures, and it was directed to be set up in churches, being commonly chained to a lectern or small desk so that it might not be taken away. The fate of this Bible was extraordinary. Under Edward VI. it flourished, was suppressed under Mary, and restored by Elizabeth. Owing to the interest which Archbishop Cranmer took in it and the preface which he wrote to it, it is commonly known by the name of "Cranmer's Bible."

D. (Phila., Pa.)—The island of Cyprus, lately ceded to Great Britain by the Anglo-Turkish treaty, has once before been in its possession, having been taken by Richard Cœur de Lion in 1191. It was taken from the Venetians by the Turks in 1571. It is about 140 miles long by 60 broad, and has an area of about 100,000 square miles. A range of mountains runs the whole length of the island, attaining an elevation of 8,000 feet above the sea. Three-fifths of the island is mountains, including splendid forests of oak and walnut, large supplies of sulphur, coal and metals of various kinds. The soil is exceedingly fertile, producing all kinds of grain, tobacco, flax, cotton, etc. Its great want is water, rain being very infrequent in summer. Cerosia, the capital, is connected by a submarine cable with Syria, and thereby to the rest of the world. Under British commercial enterprise it is fair to suppose that it will become very prosperous.

C. B. N. (Clermont, O.)—As a general rule exhibitions of kindness and affection, tempered with gentle but inflexible firmness, are the best means of keeping children in the paths of obedience. Harshness, unkindness, and violence excite like emotions and actions in return, and lay no foundation for that moral and spiritual training, and those habits of self-government on the part of the child, which, after all, are the only things that can be relied upon to work any permanent good to children in this regard. Where a child is governed by mere repression, either by flogging or the fear of chastisement, the moment the repressing influence is removed, the child is removed from all restraint, and left without any compass, chart, or rudder of self-government to steer by or with, and hence is at the mercy of any storm of passion that may assail him. It is for this plain reason that the main thing, therefore, is to build up in the child a principle or system of self-government, so that he may be able to triumph over all the powers of sin and darkness that may either assail or tempt him.

J. B. (Phila., Pa.)—Modern scientific investigation does not altogether confine the ancient historical statements that there was a solar eclipse to account for the darkness which occurred at and about the time of the murder of Cæsar. Pliny says: "Eclipses of the sun also take place which are portentous and unusually long, such as occurred when Cæsar the Dictator was slain, and in the war against Antony." Plutarch, in his life of Cæsar, writes, "Among the signs from heaven there was the great comet, which appeared conspicuous for seven nights after Cæsar's assassination, and then disappeared." Again, Pliny says, "The common people supposed the star to indicate that the soul of Cæsar was admitted among the immortal gods, under which designation it was that the star was placed on the head which was lately consecrated in the Forum." Suetonius details the same circumstances. The explanation of science to-day is more in accordance with facts. The year 1871 was a time of maximum sun-spots. Cæsar was assassinated in the year B. C. 43; add the years together, 43 to 1871, which makes 1914, and divide by eleven (that is, the number of the cycle of years when the sun-spots are at a maximum) and nothing remains. It follows that the year of Cæsar's death was a year of maximum sun-spots, of aurora and the other phenomena originally attributed to eclipses.